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NASBY IN EXILE.

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XXXVII.

Rain in Venice—Inundations—Business Habits—Marrying American Heiresses—A Musical Episode—Priests.

It rains more easily in Venice than in any country we have yet seen. And when it does rain it is the most gloomy City on the globe. There is water enough below without reinforcements from above. The sun does not penetrate the narrow passages even when it shines, but in sunlight there does come a second-hand glory that lightens it up somewhat. The narrow canals sparkle when there is sun, and are tolerably cheerful, and the Grand Canal and the open water in front of the Piazza St. Mark are glories. But when it rains the passages are like tombs and the passing throng like shadowy ghosts with umbrellas, the narrow canals are strips of ink, and the Grand Canal is enveloped in a fog, out of which the palaces on either hand rise like architectural ghosts; the black gondolas darting hither and thither look like floating hearses, and Nature takes on a color that makes life a burden. You rush into a cafe on the afternoon of such a day to get out of the oppressive blackness, but there you find you have exchanged an outside gloom for a walled-in sepulchre. Gas is very expensive in Venice, and no matter how gloomy the afternoon it is only righted at a fixed hour. Fuel is also expensive, and the vast rooms are cold and chill. The guests sit at the tables in a half-light, the waiters move about in their slippers in a ghostly sort of way, and you go back to your room, which, facing upon a canal only six feet wide, is as dark as possible, and cold and chill. You light your two miserable candles—there is no gas in any private room in any hotel in Italy—the fog and chill settle around the wick, and you give it up and sit down and resign yourself to a perfect and complete misery from which there is no escape except in the blessed sun. Nature has to cure evils in Italy—the people never do. On such occasions you imagine your love in America is false to you—you see her, in your mind's eye, with her lily-white hand in the hand of your hated rival, your house has burned down, your business is going to pieces, your dearest friends are sick, even unto death, you dread to open a mail for fear of bad news, and a telegram throws you into a cold sweat. You imagine yourself getting pneumonia, and you wonder whether the American Consul will, if so requested, send your body home, or will he sink it in Venice to save himself trouble. And—well, every calamity that could possibly happen to a man happens to you during the rain and fog, and you wish you were dead and out of the way.

Venice is exposed to one trouble all the time. The streets are only a few feet above the water-level, and at any time a wind may blow up the gulf. When this happens a vast volume of water is driven up to the head of the sea, and Venice is under water, three or four feet, according to the strength and continuance of the wind.

One Sunday morning we were awakened from our sleeep to see Venice inundated. The narrow street in front of the ground floor of the hotel was a foot under water, and the narrow street facing had fully three feet of water swirling through it. There were three feet of water on the Piazza St. Mark, and gondolas were plying everywhere. The shops were all under water, and trade and traffic was entirely suspended. You could go anywhere in a gondola, but as everything was inundated there was no place to go to and nothing to go for.

What the people who sleep on the ground floor do in such cases, and they are of frequent occurrence, cannot be imagined. It is to be presumed that their beds are built in the shape of boats, and that when the water comes in through the openings under the doors they sail around serenely without being disturbed at all, except as they come in collision floating about the room. It is easy enough to imagine the wife awakening her husband:

"Jacopo, we are afloat again, the second time this month."

"Heave the lead, Margarita," responds the husband, turning over for another nap. The wife heaves the lead and replies:

"Three feet on the floor, and two and a half on the hearth."

"Very good. Heave it again in a half-hour."

In a half-hour the lead is heaved and the announcement made:

"Three and a half feet on the main floor, and three on the hearth."

"Ah!" exclaims the husband, "the saints be praised, it is rising. There will be no Americans or English on the streets to-day, and no chance to beg. We will sleep, my Margaritta, and thus save the expense of a breakfast. Anchor the children's bed with a skillet to the nor'east corner of the room, and tie ours up to the door latch, so that we may not collide. We will sleep till the flood abates."

That is doubtless the way they do it.

On this especial occasion the flood receded at about three in the afternoon, the shop-keepers swept out the mud that had accumulated on their floors, and sprinkled them with sawdust to take up the moisture, and business was resumed. It would seem that by a very simple process the water might be kept out, but no Italian would ever think of doing it. The water rises and comes into the houses at its own sweet will, and that is all there is about it.

It is simply impossible for an Italian to do business in the square, straight-forward way of the English, German or American. He wasn't born that way and it is against his nature and traditions. No matter who it is, or in what business, from the banker down to the beggar, it is all one. The hotel-keeper, no matter how strict the bargain, always finds finds extras to insert in your bill, and no one ever leaves an Italian hotel without an altercation. The proprietor makes a sturdy fight for his little swindle, and either worries it out of his guest or does not. In either case he bows and smirks, and insists that he shall be glad to see you again, and asks you to recommend your friends to his place!

The tradesman invariably asks two or three prices more than he expects to get, on the mere chance that you do not know the value of the goods you are buying and that he may make an unfair profit. He would rather make a franc by a swindle than ten francs by honest dealing. No one who knows them ever pretends to pay the price asked at first, no matter how small the article. If three francs is asked one is offered, and you get it all the way from that to a franc and a half. And when that is done you want to count your change very carefully. It is never right, and the error is always in his favor—always. They will rectify, but in the rectification will make another error which they hope you will overlook.

It is the most annoying thing in life, for one never knows whether he is paying the right price or not, or whether the goods he is buying are what he wants. So determined are they upon cheating that you may be sure, no matter how much you compel them to abate, that they have the better of you after all.

This conversation may be imagined between father and son, the son being trained to the business of his father. A customer has just been swindled by the son, the father looking on and listening to see whether his boy has profited by his fond instructions. Guiseppe, the son, has got two prices from the victim, and feels elated. Not so the father. He is disgusted and remarks angrily:—

"Guiseppe, you will never make a merchant and I shall try to get you into the postoffice, where no genius is required except in making mistakes in your own favor in making change. Did you not see, stupid, that the man was a stranger, freshly arrived, and as ignorant of the goods as a babe, and with plenty of money? You only commenced with three times the price, and felt good when you got twice of him. For shame! You should have asked him five times the price, and have fallen gradually to three, or three-and-a-half. Your brother, Jacopo, who has only been in the shop a year would have done better than that. Why only yesterday he swindled an Englishman out of 10 francs, in a way that did my old soul good. Clearly you must go either into the church or the postoffice."

And Guiseppe, hanging his head, cried for shame. He had lost caste and was snubbed by his younger brother. But who knows? He may do better in the future. Some boys develop slowly. We have not yet found one who could not swindle properly, or of whom any complaint on the score of not asking enough could be justly made.

Italy is swarming with nobility, whose principal business it is to marry American and English heiresses. The nobles of Italy are, as a rule, poor as church mice. He generally has a palace in which the Jew who has a mortgage on it permits him to live, and he has the old family pictures and plate and objects of art. He lives by gambling partly, and partly by selling the pictures which his ancestors accumulated, but his final hope is an American heiress. He knows that, despite our pretence of democracy, every woman is an aristocrat at heart, and, like an Englishman dearly loves a lord.

Miss Matilda Jones, whose papa made a lucky strike in oil or invented a patent pig yoke, or something of the kind, made large money and sent his daughter to Vassar, and subsequently to Europe. Now there is nothing under the blue canopy that Matilda would so like as to be "the proud bride of a Ducal Coronet." It would make all the other girls of Porkville die of envy should she return a Countess or a Duchess, or with any handle to her name. So she makes a judicious parade of her wealth, in which her proud but very foolish father and her still more foolish mother second her, for they, too, have their pride in the matter.

It is these Matildas, with their oil-gained wealth, that the Counts are after. They prefer Americans to all other nationalities, for Americans of this class hunger for a title, and are determined to have one, and are willing to pay for it. Miss Matilda had it in her mind when she set foot upon the steamer that bore her from her native shore, and it increased with every revolution of the wheel. She determined to go home with a title. She cast her net in England, but without success, for the English are not a nation of beggars, and with all his faults the English nobleman is anything but a mere vulgar fortune-hunter. In Germany they meet with equal ill-success for the same reasons; but in Italy they can succeed if they will. Noblemen are almost as plenty in "Sunny Italy" as priests and beggars, and there are but very few of them who wouldn't marry an Ashantee negress if she had money enough.

It commences when they strike Venice, and the speculation is finished by the time they reach Florence. They don't have to seek the alliance—it is a foot-race between a score of Counts as to who shall first lay siege to the old man's money. They make love to the stupid girl, they flatter the stupid girl's still more stupid mother; the only being of any sense in the quartette being the father, who occasionally has his misgivings, but the two women, and his own pride, are always too much for him, and he yields.

A bargain is struck—a bargain, mind you. There is no delicacy about it on the Count's part. He insists upon a certain sum, fifty thousand, one hundred thousand, two hundred thousand dollars being settled upon him, not upon the wife, but upon him, his, to do with as he pleases, and spend as he chooses. And the foolish people do it, and the marriage takes place. The Count pays off such debts as he must—he never pays a cent that he can avoid—a fresh flock of harpies gather around him, he refurnishes the palace, he pays a little attention to his wife, the Countess, for a few weeks, and then returns to his dissipations with fresh vigor, having money to dissipate with, and after a year or two, the money being spent, the heart-broken girl returns to her parents across the water, a Countess, it is true, but a heart broken, abased woman, who has paid very dearly for her short-lived glory and her ill-judged ambition.

Counts! The woods are full of them. You couldn't throw a stone without its descending upon the head of a Count, and one couldn't put very heavy stones to a much better use.

They rather prefer an opera singer or a celebrated actress to an American fortune—provided the artiste has saved her money, and has as much as the American girl, to start with. For when the American girl's dowry is gone that is the end of it, but the singer or actress' talent is a mine that may be worked many years. It doesn't matter that her reputation may be somewhat soiled, and that all she wants a husband for is as a protection for a lover as much as for the title. The worst of them can marry an Italian nobleman at any time, who will be the most accomodating of husbands, so long as he is provided with money enough. And when she tires of him completely and is fixed in her position, he is to be gotten rid of quite as easily as he was taken on. As in the case of marriage, it is only a question of money—a certain sum paid down, and he consents to leave her to herself and her last fancy. They are a most complaisant set of men.

It isn't necessary to inherit the title at all. You can buy it if you choose, with a castle and mortgaged estate thrown in. A real nobleman, an English nobleman, who can show descent from a long line of robbers is bad enough, but these pinchbeck Italian vermin, these moustachioed, scented, be-ringed fellows who are trying to trade their titles for the means to gamble upon, they are enough to turn the stomach of almost anybody's sense. Old Jones with his oil-smelling dollars is a Prince beside them. His money was honestly earned, at all events, and he has done the world some good. What these fellows were created for is as much a mystery as the use of musquitos or rattlesnakes.

Every Italian labors under the certainty that he has a voice, and in truth the most of them have. And the common people certainly know more of music than any people on the globe. The beggar boy on the street solaces himself with snatches of tune. The girl who makes your bed accompanies herself with selections from the great masters, and the gondoliers as they push their sombre crafts along the still waters, make the air musical. They not only all sing but they sing well. I am glad I can say something good of them. It isn't much, but it is something. And they are good in this one particular because they cannot help it. They were born that way.

The love of music in the street arabs and their accurate knowledge of it, makes them the terror of debutantes in opera, and wins for them the respect of the old singers. All opera singers dread the gallery more than they do the professional critics, for the verdict of the gallery is always honest and unerringly correct.

It was well illustrated last Sunday night. There are some thousands of American women and men in Italy all the time studying music, the most of them intending to appear upon the operatic stage. Every girl who has a pleasant parlor voice cherishes the belief that the opera is her proper vocation. She has heard of the enormous sums that Patti, Albani, and the other great singers receives, and she firmly believes that with "proper training" she will sing better than either, and she dreams of carriages, of silks, velvets and diamonds.

Her poor old father, or some friend, is worried into sending her over, and she submits her voice to the criticism of a celebrated teacher. The celebrated teacher is on the lookout for these amiable beings, and the moment she or he opens his or her mouth, he immediately says, "Enough. You have a wonderful organ—all it needs is forming. If you study carefully enough—under proper training, mind you—you have a brilliant future before you. Ah! if Patti only had that sympathetic tone!"

Delighted the young party closes with him immediately. He hesitates as to whether he shall make her pay three or four times the regular price, but finally decides upon three times, and has a fit of indigestion that he did not take the extreme limit. He could have had it as well as not. Then he teaches her, filling her full of praise all the time just as long as her friends will advance her a dollar.

The regular thing is for the teacher to give a concert with his pupils, and the next morning to have a report in an obscure musical journal, in which each pupil is lauded to the skies by name. The poor things don't know that the criticism was written by the Professor himself, and its insertion paid for at so much a line, and that it serves the double purpose of satisfying the victim's friends at home and bait to catch fresh gudgeons.

She goes home—some of them do—and make a miserable failure; others make their failure here, which is still more disastrous.

There was an example Sunday night. A married woman who had a voice, nothing remarkable, had been sent over by a benevolent gentleman who had more money than musical discrimination. She had been studying in Italy four years, and upwards of $12,000 had been spent upon her. The eminent old fraud who had taught her, filled her so full of praises that she determined upon making her debut in opera in Venice, and after achieving her great triumph here, go home and dictate terms to managers. The professor assured her that nothing was more certain than success, and he kindly introduced her to a manager. The manager was also delighted with her voice and assured her that a glorious, brilliant success awaited her. What would he pay her for a month's engagement? Ah! That was not the way such matters were managed. Madame did not want a mere beggarly salary. Madame should have all the profits. The proper and only thing for Madame with the great voice to do, was to rent the theatre for a month, engage her own artistes, chorus, orchestra and ballet, and make her *debut*. On the strength of the great success the first night, Venice would be wild over her, and the theater would be filled every night, and Madame would coin money. He (the manager) was rejoiced that he could do something toward achieving the great success. It would be the proudest day of his life. In the future to come it would be a great thing for him to say, "Ah! I assisted at the great artiste's *debut*." He would manage the appearance, engage the company for her, for a small salary. The rent of the theater for a month would be (he paused to consider how great a swindle it would do to venture upon) 90,000 francs, and the receipts were certain to be something enormous. It would be robbery for him to take it all and pay her a salary—he was too devoted a lover of art. The great artiste is entitled to all the profits,

And so the husband proposes to pay the 10,000 francs out of the first night's receipts, which the manager would gladly do, only the direction would never hear of it. The direction had rules for the management of the theater, and the only thing that could be done would be for him to pay in advance.

A telegram from America brought the money, with enough more to pay the company a week in advance, for while they all were certain that Madame would make a great success and coin money, it was their business rule to be paid in advance.

After a week or two of constant rehearsal the important first night came. The crowded house was not crowded at all. The majority of those present were the friends of the deputante and the assisting company (which the manager explained was always the case the first night), and the debutante debuted.

Then came the trouble. Her weak voice piped, and before she had sung a dozen bars the gallery had taken her measure. She did not take the high notes properly, and they hissed. Then the gamins who knew the opera better than she did, all cried, "Let us help the poor thing out!" and they sang her airs with her. Finally she struck one high note correctly, and with one accord they yelled, "That is right! You have that note right! Hang to it! Don't let it go, for you will not get it again!"

Pale and flurried, she lost what little self possession she had, and staggered and well-nigh fainted as the curtain went down. Then the scene was indescribable. The gallery took up the opera where she left it off, and sang it, the little ruffians burlesquing the acting that should have accompanied it, deliciously. The orchestra tried in vain to play an interlude, but the gallery was too much for the violins and brass, and had it their own way.

She couldn't sing, but she had pluck. Recovering from her fright, she went on in the second act and bravely attempted to stem the tide, but it was of no use. The gallery had paid their money to hear an opera, and that opera she could not render to their satisfaction. And so, with renewed zeal, they sang her part for her, to show her, as they yelled, how it should be done. They gave her mock applause, they yelled when when she tried to sing, and applauded vehemently when her efforts were manifestly failures.

And so on to the end of the third act. When the curtain went down 500 young ruffians left the theater laughing, one man cursing and one woman weeping.

The husband the next day wanted a part of his 10,000 francs back, which the manager declined. Were it himself alone he should be delighted. But the direction! They would never consent, it was not their way of doing business. And the husband, doubtful as to the cause of the fiasco, went about sadly among the American residents to borrow money enough to get out of his hotel and get home; the wife firmly believing that a conspiracy had been organized against her went among her friends to raise money enough to make a second appearance, and both failing they disappeared and where they are or what they are doing heaven only knows.

She will turn up some day teaching music in America, after "the method of the great Somebodeino, with whom she studied for four years," and she will wear plain dresses, and eat the bread of poverty all her life. That is what is going to happen to her. She would have made a brilliant success as a milliner, and her husband could have lived upon her labor like a man. But her ambition was musical. She wanted diamonds and silks, and carriages, like Patti, and that was her ruin.

Were I musicial, I should rather make my debut before an audience of Professors than one made up from the streets of Venice.

It isn't safe to hum an air even in the presence of your chambermaid, unless it be an American negro melody. "La Sommambula!" she exclaimed, "but this is the way the aria goes."

And then she will give it you correctly, putting you to shame. They know the opera through and through.

Everybody in Italy sings. The girl with her basket on her head, her unkempt hair flying in the wind and forming a not inappropriate finish to a wild, coarse, face, hums an aria from an opera, and the laborer at his work, the gondolier as he rows, all sing. And at night parties of young men going home from a dance, or from a convivial meeting of any kind, fill the night air with song. And they have rich, sweet voices, especially the tenors and baritones, and the music, plentiful as it is, does not become tiresome.

As we near the seat of Papal power priests come upon you thicker and thicker. In Venice, no matter where you go, through the narrow passages or upon the canals, everywhere you see priests, with their long robes, peculiar hats, and always round figures and fat faces. One-fourth of the population of Venice are paupers, literally paupers, not knowing to-night where they are to sleep, and depending for their food upon the most persistent begging imaginable, and a large per centage of the remaining three-fourths subsist in a shambling sort of way. Bare feet are as common as blackberries and bad roads in America, and thin, pinched faces, and eyes wistful with hunger are everywhere.

But the priests are always fat and rubicund. They are large, sturdy men, with oily faces which bear the unmistakable signs of good living, of liberal food and soft beds and warm rooms. There is a juiciness about their complexions, a rosiness of color in their cheeks, a sturdiness in figure and a rotundity in shape that can only exist with plenty of food, and an assured subsistence.

Inasmuch as Venice rather exceeds Vienna in general immorality, and double discounts it in the way of half-criminal poverty, it is difficult, as in Vienna, to determine what good these particular priests are to the world. No one doubts the necessity of religion of some sort, but naturally it would be supposed that religion to be of real value to the world, ought to make some sort of a stagger toward bettering the condition of the people of the world. But the idea on the continent seems to be that the Church was instituted for the purpose of building churches, and monasteries, and convents, and filling them with priests and nuns, who are to be supported by the wretched beggars who throng the streets or who pick your pocket in one way or another remorselessly.

Nowhere in Austria Hungary or Italy can you find a hungry looking priest—nowhere on this globe can you find more hungry and bare-footed people, excepting Ireland, from all of which it appears that the church on the Continent, if not so created, has been made to exist for the priests and not for the people.

Ireland does not come under this rule. The Irish priest is a hard-working, half-fed, self sacrificing man, who feels that he has something to do beside the formulation of dogmas, and the mere routine observance of the rituals of his church. He is everything to the people, and cannot be dispensed with. Likewise in America the priest has a work to do and he does it. He has a people to care for, and he cares for them. But on the continent they must be ranked with the soldiery and nobility, one of the burdens the people are compelled to bear. Royalty, soldiery, priest-craft and women with bare feet and legs. Over here the four are inseperable.

There is not in Venice the slightest pretense to honesty among the shop-keepers, or people generally. Two or three prices are always asked, and every device that minds long trained to swindle have invented are brought to bear to get something for as near nothing as possible. The people are so frightfully immoral that a believer in the Scriptures wonders that a second shower of fire and brimstone does not wipe out the City after the fashion of Sodom and Gomorrah.

This being the case, it would seem that the proper thing for the church to do would be to rattle around among the shop-keepers and other highwaymen, and insist that some little attention be paid to the Ten Commandments, and instruct them that vital piety consists of something more than kneeling on a stone floor and saying prayers at stated intervals and dropping copper or silver coin into a box rattled by a knock-kneed and splay-footed sacristan. It would seem that they should instruct these benighted people that begging is not the shortest road to heaven, and that theft, larceny, deceit and scoundrelism of various degrees are not the chief attributes of Christianity. Possibly they do all this, but if they do they are either poor persuaders or have very knotty timber to work upon. A good, warm blooded Methodist from Southern Indiana would delight in this field of labor. He would earn a very bright crown if he succeeded in reforming Venice.

Miseries of New York Tenants.

Geo. Alfred Townsend in New York Tribune.

Judge Gedney tells me that on the first of this month he signed no less than 250 warrants of dispossession against poor tenants. His district includes many blocks of the most squalid variety of tenement houses, and he has fully as much unpleasant work of this kind as any of his judicial brethern. The first of May is of course the heaviest field day of the year for such business, but there are generally at the beginning of every month at least 100 warrants granted. And to those who fret about the minor miseries of life, no more wholesome cure could be administered than an enforced attendance in a District Court on such occasions. The lowest depths of misery are sounded. Judge Gedney says, too, that in the worst cases the suffering is more generally caused by misfortune than by idleness or dissipation. A man gets a felon on his hand, which keeps him at home until his savings are gone and all his effects in the pawn-shop, and then his children fall sick or his wife dies, and the agent of the house, under instructions from the owner, who is perhaps in Europe enjoying himself, won't wait for the rent, and serves him with a summons. In such a case a human man sitting in the seat of the judge—such as Judge Gedney—may do a great deal of good by persuading the agent to be merciful. Of course, if pressed, the judge must sign the warrant on the instant, but usually a compromise is effected and the poor fellow gets a "few days to move." The really unfortunate bear their sorrows with a quiet fortitude that approches the heroic. Adversity has made them patient and gentle. On the other hand, the actually "bad" tenants those who get drunk and annoy their neighbors—make the court ring with their denunciations of the landlord's oppression, and point their eloquence, if they are women, with sobs and tears. Experience has taught Judge Gedney, he says, that those who suffer most in this world, like those who do most, are precisely those who make the least fuss about it.

THE PIONEERS.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."
—*Tennyson.*

Here where the bannered corn and bristling wheat,
Toss their proud tresses to the rustling breeze;
Here where the arteries of commerce beat,
There laughing lands of luxury and ease,
Where lazy cattle crop the Summer leas,
And singing rivers woo the golden sand;
Here where the poor man for his labor sees
Perennial plenty rise on every hand,
We dwell,—the youngest heirs of Freedom's land.

Where yonder marble City tops the plain,
And shining temples in the sunset glow,
Where Wealth and Beauty hold perpetual reign,
And busy hands the seeds of progress sow,—
In that same spot a few short years ago,
The cabin of the swarthy pioneer,
In cheerless solitude, surpassing show,
Nurtured between its roof the hearts that were
To build the Empire of the Western hemisphere.

The giants of the infant world who slew
The dragons of the wilderness, were they;
Along the lakes and by the mountains blue,
They burned the stubborn barriers away,
And blazed a passage for the brighter day,
With ringing axes in the forest deep;
Their glory is our own! and I would pay
The feeble tribute of my verse, to keep
Their hardships unforgot, while we their blessings reap.

They damned the rivers, and they built the mills,
They trapped the beaver, and they tracked the bee;
They harvested the wild grapes on the hills,
And steeped the fragrant sassafras for tea,
Stealing their sugar from the maple tree;
The blood-root, mandrake, and the bitter-sweet,
All precious herbs, and bountiful and free,
Outspread their healing virtues at their feet,—
Nature's apothecaries in her rude retreat.

For them the plum-tree shed its purple fruit,
In gleaming nuggets, midst the thicket's shade;
In Spring, the wild strawberry's tender shoot,
Bediamond with crimson jewels, made
The hollows glitter like a masquerade;
Then Autumn with her brown nuts came at last,
Pouring her cornucopia in the glade,
Ere surly Winter blew his chilly blast
Upon the naked flats, and sealed his larder fast.

And then the snows came, and the squirrel slept
Within the upper chambers of the oak;
And through the night the watchful rabbit leapt,
And the wild fox within his den awoke,
The darkness buttoned 'round him like a cloak,
And pausing, listened for the crowing cock;
Afar the wolf's howl thro' the forest broke,
And the brusque owl sat booting on the rock,
And preening the feathers of his antique frock.

* * * * * * * * *

And Summer carpeted with shining flowers,
The old primeval temples, and the song
Of wild birds pierced the uninvaded bowers,
With endless melody, when days were long,
And hearts were innocent, and hands were strong,
And love as guileless, as the feet were free;
And Eden streams the Eden fields among,
Ran dimpling to the lakes and to the sea,
Like unwatched children in their idle revelry.

But those were troublous times, and fell disease
Lurked like a demon in the stagnant swamp,
Amidst the shadows of the cypress trees,
Where the dull fire-fly lit his chilly lamp,
And the sleek lizard slumbered in the damp,
Beside the reeking serpent and the newt;
Contagion strode with no unsteady tramp,
Beneath the roof, and plucked the heart's best fruit,
And draped the lonesome soul with agony acute.
Anon upon the sloping upland shone
New billows of brown earth, unseen before,—
With, here and there, a strangely-shapen stone,
Wrath like, uprising from the tufted floor,
With reeling lines of grief engraven o'er
Its ghastly facets, by some finger rude:
(Death laughs to scorn the legends on his door,
Whether within the dim wood's solitude,
Or in the gilded shrines, where giddy crowds intrude.)

* * * * * * * * *

Around their huts the wily Indian crept,
His shaft as sudden as the serpent's sting,
And many a weary mother, as she slept,
Was startled by the warwhoop's dismal ring,
The hissed arrow and the twang of string,
Or the fierce tumult of the savage horde,
Beneath the wood, in their wild jargoning;
And many a cabin by the torch was lowered,
And many a father's blood around his altar poured.

And prattling boys the rifle learned to wield,
With fatal skill,—the pioneers' first trade,—
To them the bounding buck was forced to yield
His life-blood, in the leafy ambuscade,
Where, all unharmed, for ages he had strayed;
Heroic boyhood! never belted knight
With dangling plume, more hardihood displayed
In civil conflict, or in foreign fight,
Than daily marked the lives of those of whom I write.

All night within the clearing gleamed their fires,
The dawn lights of the splendor yet to come;
The wilderness reveled back before our sires,
And Sharon's rose, deep-rooted in the gloom,
In virgin beauty bursted into bloom,
And shook its fragrant petals o'er the sod;
Swift fingers sped the shuttle thro' the loom,
And Titan forms amid the dark hills trod,
In ragged splendor they, true oracles of God.

* * * * * * * * *

But they are gone,—the old plantocracy,—
They ve withered from the green wood, one and all;
Above their dust the wind howls dolefully,
And the last coon-skin molders on the wall;
All, all, are gone, and darkness like a pall,
Steals o'er the memory of the pioneers.
We drink the honey, where they quaffed the gall,
We reap the fruitage of their bitter years,
And o'er their slumber deep, outpour the meed of tears.

Soft be their pillow in the forest old,
And sweet the psalmody of bird and bee!
Their deeds by distant ages shall be told,
Their virtues be transplanted o'er the sea;
Their valor built the newer heraldry,
And shook the despot on his ancient throne,
And brought imperial armies to their knee;
They were our sires, their glory is our own,
From sainted Washington, to brave old Daniel Boone.

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A STRANGE WOOING.

Temple Bar.

I dare not precisely name the scene of this story. Somewhere betwixt the tropics stands a mud-built, ruinous Town, very mean, dirty and unwholesome. Low green hills and woods lie behind it and a gray sea before. In times not long past, fleets used to ride beyond the surf, and rich caravans started daily for the inland wilds. That glory has departed, but its ruins amaze the strangers to-day. Amid the ragged, sun-bleached thatch of negro hovels, lofty walls stand, red and crumbling, with windowless eyes that blink toward the ocean. Down at the water's edge, built upon rocks that clang and strain under the beating of the surf, stands a castle. The guns are honeycombed, the pavements broken, the walls bear a crop of jungle-weeds; but it rises hoar and stately, a marvel of antique grandeur. Neither time, seige, nor tempest has reft one solid stone from another. When storms roll high the thundering surge without a rainbow spans its seaward front; when winds lie hushed of an afternoon, and the rocks burn white, its lofty keep and surrounding galleries throw a giant shadow on the strand.

The jungle has crept in steadily and softly. Lank goats and sheep of peculiar breed graze in the streets. Through the middle of the town a ditch, half-dry, oozes and reeks between embankments of ancient masonry—a foul ditch, though mantled with velvet rosettes of pistia. They catch wild beasts of prey therein—creatures that make night clamorous pursuing scared poultry and belated lambs. But among the ragged palms and dusty india-rubbers, 10 or 12 great houses still tower above the wilderness of thatch; outside they have high garden walls and big gateways; within, cool colonnades and balconies, parquterie floors and the rest of it. Most of them are tenanted by officials, but the impoverished heirs still occupy a few. Among these who keep the family mansion is a widow named Rudger. Her late husband had been a clerk, with whom his master's daughter fell in love. She was a half-caste, but her yellow hand brought Rudger this house, and a business not yet wholly destroyed by the vigilance of our cruisers and the competition of younger settlements. The lady bore two daughters, and then, after several years' interval, a third. The circumstances of the family were still such as enabled Rudger to send the eldest girls away to school, when they reached the proper age. But he died while little Mary was still too young to go from home, and the widow's resources scarcely availed to pay for the girls whose education was begun. Perhaps Mrs. Rudger's grief was not unconsoled when she saw Mary could not have foreign schooling. The family, of course, should be in position to meet any rival, whether at the counting-house or at the piano; but Mrs. Rudger may very well have thought that learning is a great expense to parents and a great trouble to children. She herself had been brought up among slaves. Her English was shaky, and she had never been able to read what she did not know by heart. Yet her success in life had been notable—she had married a young man, "all white," who never complained; Mary, a quadroon, with double her share of the superior race, might do as well or better.

Mrs. Rudger naturally overlooked certain differences in the situation. Her own mother had felt for her child that respect which the negress instinctively yields to the white or semi-white blood, though it be in what is else her own flesh. She resented familiarity in nurses and slaves toward her daughter, took counsel with her husband, and insisted that the child's manners, if not her mind, should be pure and white. And so the girl grew up quiet and demure, resembling the usual pattern of a young lady as much as circumstances would allow. No one would have suspected that her brain was full of charms and fetiches, omens, love-philtres; that she feared Obi, loved a negro song, a negro tale, all that is negro in ethics; that the principles, and even the pleasures, of civilized life were never appreciated, though endured. A veneer of training hid these impressions while her husband lived, but they worked through it as she grew older and the necessity of restraint disappeared.

Little Mary, therefore, had no such influences about her as had her mother at the same age. The negresses took sole charge, and they moulded her spirit after their own. It chanced that there were no white children then in the settlement, and the household fell more and more into native habits. Arrayed in garments many-colored, of the latest fashion which had reached that distant spot, Mrs. Rudger paid occasional calls, or sometimes gave a tea party. The bright-eyed little girl was her companion, in silk stockings, flounces and feathered hat. But on returning from these duties, the mother donned an ample dressing gown, with nothing underneath, decked her head and arms with jewelry, and received native ladies for pleasure. The daughter meanwhile played with the slave children of the household, in the shortest of petticoats for her only raiment—less than that sometimes—and thus she received, unconsciously as they were given, such ideas of life's philosophy as a self-indulgent, lazy, but not ill-disposed race of negros entertain.

In the state to which such training would lead a girl, the sisters found her. They returned from school young women, and Mary was eight years old. Severe discipline, in an old fashioned seminary of Cape Town, had made them thrifty, pious and proper. Every single thing and person at home shocked them terribly. The saucy slave girls, three parts naked, but laden with gold ornaments; the noisy men still more lightly clothed; the dirt, the untidiness, made them bitterly ashamed. But worst of all was the degradation, as they called it, of their mother and sister. The girls had been not a little impressed by Mrs. Rudger's grandeur, when she came on board to welcome them; for their notions of dress or taste were scarcely more correct than hers. They vowed, as did all present, that Mary was a little angel disguised in silk stockings and flounces. But on reaching the big, shabby house, they saw with dismay the usual transformation. Mrs. Rudger jumped out of her stays, so to speak, and the little angel abandoned all her disguises. It was too early yet to interfere. The good sisters wept and prayed that night.

No later than the morning they attacked the system. Mrs. Rudger gave way at once, agreed, lamented, promised—but never performed. Mary's condition, moral and spiritual, proved to be worse than the worst they had expected. She could neither read nor write nor speak English, beyond a few common expressions and a few sentences of the Catechism, to which she attached no meaning. Mrs. Rudger herself was ashamed and angry to learn the result of her neglect. It disgraced the family. Going to the other extreme, she would have the child metamorphosed all round in an instant. And the child stubbornly refused. Whence it happened that within 24 hours of her sisters' arrival Mary was sobbing in bed, very sore and full of evil passions. She tried to run away, but the faithless slaves betrayed her. More punishment followed, and, in short, the girl was whipped into submission.

But the change was all outside. The sisters could not keep her perpetually in view, and old companions crept in at the window, waylaid her in corners, and kept the spirit of savagery aglow. The Misses Rudger were by no means fitted to change such a disposition. Mary longed for the time when she would be too old for the rod, and meanwhile she cherished hatred, always growing, against white people and their ways. The moment of resistance came earlier than might have been expected. Her sisters so long removed from the climate of their birthplace, withered under ceaseless fits of fever. Her mother, satisfied with the progress made, stood neutral. And Mary was a strong, fearless girl in her teens. She resisted chastisement, and won a victory.

From that day the old life was renewed. Learning was not to be shuffled off, but clothes and habits might. The sisters, in despair, tried the influence of tears, but it was too late. Possibly entreaties might have been successful once; but coming after severity, they could but raise contempt. After a time, everything was yielded, in shame and sorrow. For many months after her triumph, Mary refused to touch a book, to speak English, even to wear anything besides the native petticoat. Amusement unceasing was found in the sports and gossip so long disused. The courtyard was always full of girls, who laughed and shrieked from morning to night. The Misses Rudger could understand not a tithe of the loud conversation, which was lucky for their peace: not that Mary would choose or tolerate vicious companions. Her friends were the best of their kind, but they spoke with the frankness of savages who lived always in a crowd together, and have not two words for a spade. But I cannot honestly profess to think that they did Mary real mischief. The bloom of a peach is very pretty but the fruit is as sweet and pure without it.

After awhile Mary tired somewhat of her freedom. The earliest feelings of womanhood began to stir. Romping with other girls no longer satisfied her wholly. Once more she read a little, shamefacedly, and in private. Then she could be persuaded sometimes to dress, and visit such friends of the family as were "colored" like herself; for years she would not willingly speak with a white woman, and the suggestion of meeting a white man would drive her back into barbarism. The sisters had learned some tact by experience, and they gradually brought her through this stage. But it was well understood in the settlement that the youngest Miss Rudger, when met by chance, was not to be addressed of male kind.

Mary was near 18 years old when the Town where she dwelt became our base of operations for a short but anxious war. At the house where I was quartered the Misses Rudger were inmate, and I soon met the elder pair. But my gentle hostess feared, above everything, lest Mary should be noticed and turned to ridicule by supercilious subalterns. When the troops began to arrive, she tried her utmost to keep the girl at home, but a further development now showed itself. Abating none of her angry shyness for mankind of the white persuasion, she much fancied looking at handsome young officers who were frequent enough in the street. She wished only to see them; if they looked at her, as well they might, she trembled with passion. Never had the girl worn clothes so often, or so many hours at a time. It is true, as Mrs. —— told me afterward, with a blush and laugh, that she tore them off more fiercely than ever on returning indoors, and vowed that each walk should be the last. But nature had its way. It was accident which gave me at length the pleasure of a very brief acquaintance. A West India regiment was landing and Mrs. ——, my hostess, had gone to see the show. I had returned, and was sitting, very drowsy, in a long-armed chair on the veranda. Suddenly I became conscious of a fresh young voice, talking eagerly, and Mrs. —— replying. I gathered that the one asked if I was at home, and the other said no. It was my duty to undeceive them, but while thinking of it, I dozed off. The same voice, much nearer, roused me again. In the prettiest of broken English, it was vehemently lauding the uniforms of the West Indians—a burst of yellow, scarlet and blue, which only a pyrotechnist or a negro could dispassionately admire.

'And what do you think of the officers?' asked Mrs. ——.

'Oh, beautiful! Fine men! How brave they look! And some of them will be dead!' The tones were so sweet and earnest that I remember imagining a face to match—dark eyes, wide with pity, a soft mouth drooping, and little hands outspread for emphasis.

'What! all handsome men?' asked shrewd Mrs. —— laughing, 'Surely not Mr Blank.'

'Oh, not Mr. Blank!'

'Nor Mr. other Blank?'

'Not that one, of course, either.'

'Oh, indeed! Then which of the officers was so beautiful and so brave?'

This seemed the last moment for decorous eaves-dropping. Yawning loudly, I pushed back my chair, came into view of the window, lit a cheroot, and entered with all the surprise I could command. The ladies were taking tea; the younger, in fact, had suddenly buried in the cup as much of her face as would enter that receptacle. Upon Mrs. ——'s flurried introduction, she rose and primly curtseyed, after the fashion of Cape Town ladies in the last century. I saw a girl, very pretty, tall and delicately shaped. The negro stain showed itself in crisply waving hair, unglossed, dark complexion, and full, tremulous mouth. Miss Rudger had in its utmost beauty that velvet eye which is peculiar to the mixed breed. Neither white woman nor negress ever shows it. Those who have not seen a mulatto girl of the happiest type cannot imagine what is meant by velvet eyes. It is less a matter of expression than of shade, tone, feature. Mary did not lose it when she positively scowled at me with bewitching ferocity. The face was crimson, her lips quivered with anger and shyness. Vainly I tried to make her speak. To the extreme annoyance of Mrs. ——, she would not reply, and I withdrew as quickly as I could. My hostess then reproached her gently, and the girl's temper blazed. She rushed home, threw off muslins and laces, and vowed she would seek a friend no more among the hateful whites.

The sisters came moaning to our house

THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE COMPANY, Publishers.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, MAY 31.

For the Blade.

THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

OSCEOLIE, 14 YEARS OLD.

Go, put on your overcoats, every one,
And bring out the mittens with speed;
Oh, don't think of taking the stoves down to-day!
A rousing good fire we'll need.
I will hasten away to the coal and wood man;
A supply he will certainly bring.
For why should we shiver the hours away
In beautiful, beautiful Spring?

Just look at the snow, as it flies past the pane;
How the wind makes the tree branches bend.
And every wild flower that lifts up its head,
Will come to an untimely end.
The tiny white flakes cover all the young grass;
The birds have forgotten to sing.
But why should they, pray? Just see how it storms!
'Tis the beautiful, beautiful Spring.

But why should we sit in the house all the time?
Come, bring out the horses and sleigh,
Care not for the wind, or the cold, or the snow,
For one should be merry in May.
We'll put on our wraps, and draw up the robes,
While loudly the sleigh bells will ring,
There is nothing like taking a sleigh ride, you know,
In beautiful, beautiful Spring.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

A pig would seem the best subject for medical students to experiment on, as he could be killed first and cured afterwards. —*The Judge*

Pres. Grevy's salary is $240,000 a year. Louis Napoleon, when Emperor, received a yearly allowance of $5,000,000.

The Mayor of Milwaukee closes up saloons at midnight, and closely watches that policemen are not bribed by liquor dealers.

The height of Trinity Church steeple, New York City, is 284 feet above the sidewalk, and at least 30 feet above the new bridge tower.

"Pitcous appeals" for mercy come up from the wife beater whom a Maryland Sheriff was flogging the other day at the whipping post. The tender emotions of that fellow had to be brought out by the "cat."

According to the Jacksonville *Times*, Florida has over 2,500 acres, or about 12,000 tons of "garden truck" for Northern markets. Southern Georgia has about 10,000 acres of watermelons for the same colicky destination.

The venerable senior and presiding Bishop of the American Episcopal Church, Dr. Smith, may be said to have been a citizen under every President of the United States. He was five years old when Gen. Washington died.

"You know I'm in a great hurry," says an American amateur to a French artist; "I want to take your picture to America before the new tariff goes into operation. Sign your name and I will have it finished over there!"—*From the French.*

Each contributor to the fund for the statue of Lamartine is to receive in return a small lock of the great poet's hair, carefully saved up through 30 years' shearing by his barber. Of course each hair will be carefully counted, labeled and warranted to be genuine.

At an evening party lately a fine fellow, but one who likes to talk about himself a great deal, was interrupted in a conversation. At the moment of renewing the story he asked, "What was I saying?" A witty lady immediately replied, "You were saying 'I'"—[French wit.

The hurricane of 1866 blew over hundreds of thousands of cocoanut trees in the Bahama Islands. Instead of dying, they not only kept on growing in their horizontal position, but sent up shoots from the top. These shoots are now from 40 to 50 feet in height, and yield an abundance of fruit.

He was a five-year old grandson of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and he was swinging on a neighbor's front gate. "Willie," said his mother, "Mr. Smith don't like to have anyone swing on his gate." "I don't care for Mr. Smith," was the reply, "nor for his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his." "Willie," again said his mother, "do you know who wrote those words you no so?" "No," said Willie, "I d'no; s'pect it was Gran'ma Stowe, though."

The Duc d'Aosta, brother of King Humbert, who represents him at the coronation at Moscow, is declared to be a *jettatore*, or possessor of the evil eye. When he first wished to marry the Duchesse de la Cisterna, his negotiations were unsuccessful, and M. Cassinis, President of the Chamber, who acted for him, blew out his brains with a pistol. Some time after the Duc again tried his luck with the lady and her family, and, being accepted, he rode beside her carriage on a public occasion, when his horse threw him, and so much alarmed her horses that they plunged and reared, and a catastrophe was only with difficulty averted. When the Duc subsequently was on his way to Stupinigi, a royal hunting lodge near Turin, where the marriage was to take place, the Conte de Castigliose, one of his suite, fell dead from his horse, struck down by apoplexy. And when the princely pair set out on their wedding journey a balcony filled with spectators fell, and several persons were seriously injured; while, to crown all, at the moment when they set foot on a steamboat, the boiler burst and killed a majority of the passengers.

Dudes' Doings.

New York Morning Journal.

The girls are wild over a dude who wears No. 1 shoes.

A Fifty-ninth street dude who bangs his hair uses bandaline.

A Harlem dude has a mania for revolvers. He has pistols of every size, make and pattern.

An artistic dude draws quaint figures on his shirts, collars and cuffs, and paints his silk neckties.

A dude while in Florida caught a young alligator, and then worked up a horrible tale about a midnight adventure with the saurian.

An uptown dude carries three watches so that in case he runs short of money he can send a watch to the printer's friend—the man of the three balls.

A dude who was short in his accounts, told his employer's daughter that to save her father from ruin she must confess to her pa her unbounded love for the dude. She did so, and the rich old man let up on the young man whom his daughter loved.

Mr. Tilden's Condition.

New York Tribune.

Apropos of a leader in the *Sun* of yesterday, emphatically and authoritatively denying that Mr. Tilden contemplates being a candidate for the Presidency, a former staff officer of his when Governor, and since intimate with him, said: "It is very true that Mr. Tilden is not and cannot be a candidate for the Presidency, because he is physically disabled. I was at his house a few weeks ago. He shuffled into the room, dragging one leg after the other painfully and slowly, and supporting his palsied arm with one hand. He was always a whisperer, you know; but on this occasion he had to put his mouth close against my ear to make his weak voice heard, and even then I could not catch all he said. I was compelled, in the same way, almost to shout in his ear to make him comprehend what I had to say. Oh! Mr. Tilden is not physically capable now of political leadership, and he himself theroly recognizes it."

Gen. Lyon.

George A. Townsend in New York Tribune.

Said I to Gen. Schofield: "You knew Gen. Nathaniel Lyon well?" "Yes, I was his chief of staff at Wilson's Creek, where he was killed." "Give me, if you will, an idea of his character." "Lyon would not have maintained, I think, the remarkable prestige he obtained when he died. He was very intense. He hated men who differed from him on political questions. He was bloodthirsty. The administrative elements of character were not well balanced in him, though his zeal was extraordinary. As to bravery, he had it in excess. I do not think the campaign he made showed ability to plan campaigns. As you intimate, Gen. Lyon came in the class of John Brown and the military zealots, rather than in the line of skillful commanders."

Principal Cause of the Disappearance of Fish.

Rochester Post-Express.

"Why Our Fish Disappear" is the title of an article in the *American Angler*. A wife and babies are the principal cause for the disappearance of a good deal of fish that we know of.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

OSGOOD'S COMPLETE POCKET GUIDE TO EUROPE. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Within the compass of a small volume of 300 pages, is contained all the information requisite for a journey in Europe over the routes usually taken by tourists. It gives the best routes in all the principal countries, contains a few excellent maps and minute details of points and objects of interest, hotels, fares and currency, and conveys all this useful intelligence not in small and close type that will try the eyes in rapidly moving trains, but in bold and clear letter that is always legible. It is admirably arranged and has evidently been compiled by those who have learned how to travel economically, comfortably and intelligently, and are competent to give the public brief but invaluable hints in the art which they have acquired.

A SATCHEL GUIDE TO EUROPE. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

In these days when a trip to Europe is a common thing, it is very pleasant for anybody contemplating such a journey to be prepared with all the information necessary before starting. It is for this reason that a new edition of the Satchel Guide "for the Vacation Tourist in Europe" will be welcomed by all who know the merits of the original publication. It is a compact itinerary of Great Britain, Belgium and Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France, Austria and Italy, and is revised for the 16th time in order that accuracy of detail and freshness of information may be secured.

CE-PACK AND TUNDRA. An Account of the Search for the Jeannette. By William H. Gilder. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Scanning the "taking" title given above, one would be led without further search through the book to conclude that the author was a newspaper man, and such in fact he is. Mr. Gilder was sent out by the *Herald* with the Rodgers expedition after the Jeannette. The author also made a trip through Siberia, the results of which are embodied in this volume. The book is a very readable one, and but for the cloud of uncertainty which hangs over the title, would be a most interesting one. What the third word is would bother Webster to tell. But for this exception the English is remarkably good and the typography excellent. Many engravings and maps embellish the pages contained in the handsome cover. The latter has a picture of two fur-clad beings intently gazing at something, apparently a giant fence post, which looms up before them.

THE SONG WAVE. By H. S. Perkins, H. J. Danforth and E. V. De Groff. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. 80c.

This is principally a book for young musicians, and is arranged for the purpose of teaching them to read music at sight. The book contains very few sacred songs, most of them being old established favorites like "Dixie," "Star Spangled Banner," mingled with many bright, original pieces. The book is gotten up in a style very similar to other music books.

BOOKS AND HOW TO USE THEM—By John Vandyke. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

This book is a clear, concise and practical account of the advantages of reading, the best methods, times and places for it, the best classes of books as adapted to purposes of special reading, the rudiments of Bibliography, and the mode of getting at the literature of a given subject, amid the mazes of a public library. It contains 146 pages, is bound in blue and has a good index; printed well.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S YEAR BOOK—By Helen Campbell. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. Price 50 cts.

This is a compendium of the thousand and one bits of information which every housekeeper needs; having on one set of pages a month's directions for marketing in season, directions for the best and easiest way of doing the household work of the month, and bills of fare for Sunday dinners; the opposite pages left blank for memoranda of things to be done. It also includes a "Housekeeper's Account Book," time tables for cooking meats, vegetables, etc., and a mass of invaluable information, arranged and classified by the seasons and months.

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN'S MANUAL. Part II.—The Functions of Government. By Worthington C. Ford. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The first part of this hand-book was noticed in these columns awhile ago. The present one takes up the subject of State and Federal Government and handles it very ably, pursuing the theme "to the bitter end," giving an abundance of information—yet, strange to say, in a manner which, unlike almost every other book on the subject, cannot only be understood but is, besides, pleasant reading. The education of the "rising generation" in political matters is a most pressing necessity for the unlettered lower-class Irish, Germans, Poles, etc., are flocking to our shores in daily increasing numbers. These people cannot comprehend the ways and manners of our institutions, and yet are given the ballots, which is refused to intelligent and native women. Our future safety as a Nation depends on educating the outlanders in politics, and among books for such subjects the present one will, undoubtedly, take a high rank.

HYGIENE FOR GIRLS. By Irenaus P. Davis, M.D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A volume of useful hints and admonitions, bearing the above title, has been prepared by Dr. Irenaus P. Davis. There is reason to believe that American girls, especially in our seaboard States, are more robust, vigorous and blooming than their mothers were at the same age, and it is the object of this book to promote the further development of healthful usages and habits. The advice given and the information furnished is such as every girl should receive, and while all may not agree with some of the author's ideas, they are all worth thinking of. It is a book that can be placed in the hands of every woman with benefit to herself and those in her charge.

THE BACKWOODSMEN, Tales of the Border—By Walter W. Spooner. Published by W. E. Dibble & Co., Cincinnati.

Is a collection of accounts of early adventure among the Indians, especially those of the Ohio Valley. They tell of captivity, of remarkable escapes, of the feats and perils of famous pioneers like Boone and Kenton, of the many devilish cruelties of the Indians and of the vastly fewer instances of great generosity displayed by them. The author has wisely chosen to write in simple, plain English, using forcible and pungent old Saxon words freely, thus giving a thrill to the stories which could not be attained otherwise. There are 24 full-page illustrations drawn by H. H. Farny, which are full of life and vigor. Great pains in the selection of matter have been taken and only such tales as are known to be true are admitted. Mr. Florus B. Plimpton furnishes an introduction which gives a clear and truthful idea of what the Buckeye State was in the olden times. The book is replete with interest, each line having a savor of the woods and of wild adventure. It is printed on tinted paper, contains 608 pages, and does credit to Cincinnati's printers.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE. Co-operative Building Plans. Published by the Co-operative Building Plan Association, New York. Price 50 cents.

A handsome publication, giving a variety of practical, beautiful and economical plans for building cottages of the most unique designs, with all particulars as to size, cost, etc., in full detail. It will be of great interest to those intending to build a home of their own. The wonder is that a publication of this kind has not been issued before. It contains 178 illustrations.

Scared Negros.

A trifling paragraph in some newspaper to the effect that a party of Philadelphia medical students had gone to Montgomery, Ala., for the purpose of selecting desirable negros and converting them into cadavers in the interest of science has been accepted as gospel truth by the colored inhabitants of the southern City, and a reign of terror is the result. All sorts of ludicrous incidents are recorded. Two colored women fled screaming from a sober citizen, imagining the handkerchief which he chanced to draw from his pocket was the signal for a desperate assault; an aged "auntie," encountering a sturdy woodcutter with an axe on his shoulder, rushed into the nearest house and forthwith went into convulsions; and a young buck, becoming suddenly aware of a wooden Indian with a raised tomahawk, in front of a cigar store, struck out from the shoulder, knocked the inoffensive image head over heels, and ran for his life. There is some compensation for all this in the circumstance that the negros are afraid to go out nights, and spring chickens are, in consequence, more abundant in the market.

Anxious to See a Crushed Canine.

Louisville Argus.

The latest agony is for a young lady to have a dog to match her dress. We'd like to see a crushed strawberry dog—in fact any kind of a crushed dog.

GEBHARD COMES TO GRIEF.

Poked in the Ribs and Face by Mr. Sanford's Umbrella — Comprehensive Account of a Singular Combat.

The New York *World* of this morning says: The Spring steeple chases of the Meadow Brook Hunt, which took place on Saturday afternoon last at Garden City, L. I., was attended by many well-known young men. Among these were Mr. William Cochran Sandford and Mr. Frederick Gebhard. Mr. Sanford, who is not a relative of Mr. Wright Sanford, resides at Amsterdam, N. Y., where he is part owner of a large carpet manufactory, which has made him the possessor of a fortune. He is about 30 years of age, of medium hight, but solidly built. His face is cleanly shaven, save for a small black moustache.

He has been a frequent visitor to the metropolis the past few seasons, and his brother, Mr. John Sanford, and he made their headquarters at the St. James Hotel. Since the sale of that hostelry they have transferred their allegiance to the Brunswick.

Possessed of ample means, a good horse man, it was not long after his first coming to New York that Mr. Sanford became a prominent member of the hunting set. He has ridden at several race-meetings at Far Rockaway, Garden City and elsewhere. He has gone somewhat also into society, and his and his brother's costumes were among the handsomest and most fully described in the papers at the great Vanderbilt ball.

Mr. Frederick Gebhard has been so often and so fully described in the public press of late that to again photograph him would be superfluous. At the conclusion of the races on Saturday the large number of guests present returned to New York by special train and Mr. Sanford and Mr. Gebhard came also.

To young men of wealth and their attaches a Delmonico dinner is considered to be the only proper thing after a day's racing in the country, and it is generally as elaborate as the purses of the diners are elastic. Mr. Sanford and three friends, two of whom were Mr. Griswold Lorillard and Mr. Pierre La Montagne, dined at one table in the large restaurant of the famous caterers, and Mr. Frederick Gebhard and an English gentleman at another.

Many courses and their accompanying wines were discussed, and shortly before 12 o'clock the Sanford party started to go. Mr. Gebhard and his friend followed.

THE INSULT.

Both parties walked down Fifth avenue about a block, when the following encounter, which will be forever memorable in the annals of the metropolis, occurred.

Time—Midnight.

Place—Sidewalk on the Fifth avenue side of the Worth monument, fairly illuminated by the electric lights and pale moonbeams struggling through driving clouds.

Mr. Gebhard called from behind: "Hello, boys, where are you going?" Joining them as they halted, arrested by his voice, he continued: "Where can you be going at this time of night?"

Mr. Sanford—Oh, we're going to see some ladies.

Mr. Gebhart—Fine ladies they must be to receive you at this time!

Mr. Sanford (hastily)—I guess they're as good as your friends, and we'll call on Mrs. Langtry, if you please.

Mr. Gebhart (hotly)—You're a liar.

THE CONFLICT.

Round first—Mr. Sanford (the Amsterdam Pet) led off with his left and landed it on the Pride of the Lily's jaw, open handed, "The Pride" countered heavily on "The Pet's" breast in return. Then they rushed for a clinch and indulged in some short-arm fighting, during which "The Pride's" high hat received several damaging blows. The round ended by both men retiring for wind.

Round Second—Both men came up smiling and sparred for an opening. This was gained by "The Pet" leading and planting his left on "The Pride's" right jaw and knocking him against the railing which surrounds the monument. "The Pride" countered, but was short. "The Pet" swung in his right and landed it on "The Pride's" left ear. This round lasted 40 seconds.

Round Third (and wind-up, in which "The Pride" was wound up by an umbrella in the hand of "The Pet").—When the men came up for this round they immediately set to work. Science was neglected and slogging was the order of the round. "The Pride" could not withstand the terrific onslaught of his opponent, who did terrible execution with an umbrella, taking him under the left ear with his paraphuie, and tapping the claret. First blood was claimed for and allowed "The Pet." This round ended "The Pride," who was knocked groggy by the umbrella, and fell in a heap in the gutter. He was placed in a cab by his friend, from whence he threw up the sponge.

Thus ended the fight. There were apprehensions all day Sunday that further hostilities might ensue, but Mr. Sanford received no word from his antagonist.

On Sunday evening Mr. Gebhard again dined in the large restaurant, this time with Mrs. Langtry.

They sat at a table placed near the middle window on the Fifth avenue side of the restaurant. Mr. Sanford also dined there with friends at the same time, but sat directly across the room and at such a distance from Mr. Gebhard and Mrs. Langtry that it was impossible for their conversation to have been heard, as was reported yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pell dined in the restaurant at the same time.

A reporter of the *World* saw Mr. Pell at his residence last evening. He said: "I knew nothing about the matter until I heard of it this morning. I saw Mr. Gebhard and Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Sanford dining there. They were at such a distance from each other that it would have been impossible for Mr. Gebhard and Mrs. Langtry to have heard Mr. Sanford describe the fight of the night before and invite Mr. Gebhard to come out and settle it then, as it was said to-day, unless he called it aloud, which I certainly did not hear him do."

Mr. Charles Delmonico said: "This story of Mr. Sanford's addressing Mr. Gebhard on Sunday evening in my restaurant before Mrs. Langtry is made out of whole cloth. I should certainly have known of it had it occurred, and should have quickly put a stop to any such disturbances. Even the waiters who stood by heard nothing of it."

Mr. Gebhard could not be found yesterday. At 2 o'clock he entered the Albemarle Hotel and soon left. Mrs. Langtry went in the afternoon to Philadelphia, and it was learned later that Mr. Gebhard accompanied her.

Mr. John Sanford, a brother of Mr. William Sanford, arrived suddenly on Sunday evening from Amsterdam in response to a telegram from his brother requesting his presence. Both his brother and he were seen by a reporter of the *World* as they were leaving the Brunswick last evening.

Mr. William Sanford refused absolutely to speak on the subject, and only after much solicitation Mr. John Sanford said: "My brother does not care to and will not talk on the subject. I will say there is some truth in the story. There was an encounter on Saturday evening, but my brother did not address Mr. Gebhard or speak to him publicly in any way at Delmonico's last night, as has been reported. We exceedingly regret the publicity of this affair."

"Have you heard from Mr. Gebhard?"

"No," answered Mr. Sanford, and then said "Good evening," declining to talk further.

No Wonder William Tell Was Beckless.

Texas Siftings.

"Gessler? Who was Gessler?" said Mrs. Beckram to her husband.

"He was a tyrant, my dear, and also a life insurance agent."

"What do you mean by such nonsense?"

"There is no nonsense about it, Mrs. Deckram, I assure you. Does not William Tell say to Gessler in the third act, 'Ha, tyrant, hast thou not given assurance of my life?' Your husband, madam, never makes a statement that he is not prepared to support by documentary evidence."

PRESBYTERIAN WORSHIP.

All the Pastors Do Not Wear Smoked Glass Goggles.

Chicago Interior.

Are not popish practices and worldly novelties creeping into our Presbyterian worship? Are we not departing from the simplicity and spirituality of our Standards, and of the Word of God? Our Westminster Catechism says, "The sins forbidden in the Second Commandment are all devising, counselling, commanding, using, and anywise approaching any religious worship not instituted by God himself, . . . corrupting the worship of God, adding to it, or taking from it . . . , though under the title of antiquity, custom, devotion, good intent, or any other pretense whatsoever." Now are not such practices as the observance of such pagan papal holidays as Christmas and Easter, the hiring of ungodly and even opera singers, who "shout lies to heaven for the entertainment of God's professed people," the employment at times of an opera orchestra, the multiplication of musical exercises to attract the world and the belittling of the preaching of the Word, the elaborate and prominent use of flowers (after the similitude of Cain worship), to attract sinners or aid saints in devotion,—are not all such practices in violation of the Second Commandment and of our Presbyterian standards? Is it not a token of decline in spirituality when forms and novelties thus multiply. Do we not need a thoro Bible reformation?

E. P. MARVIN.

Lockport, N. Y.

Well, you would probably not find a thoro Biblical reformation in that direction. It is a blessed thing for the church that all its pastors do not wear goggles of smoked glass. Suppose we should follow the suggestion of E. P. M., and put an end to Christmas, a festival the delights of which consist in the exercise of benevolence and in the sacrifices of love; suppose we should sweep the flowers from our churches, on the ground that we could see nothing in them more pleasing than a suggestion of fratricide; suppose our music should be shorn of everything but the baldest and most inharmonious form; then we should, of course, reduce all the other services to the rigor and gloom of such a spirit—paint our panels black, dwell on the horrors which so pleased the medieval monks and painters—and having this done, compare the result with the Biblical ideal. Would there be a solitary point of resemblance between such a cave of gloom and of groans and the glorious gospel of Christ? How would it compare with David's high-sounding timbrels and ringing cornets, with Hezekiah's great choirs of men singers, and women singers; with our Lord's pleasures in flowers and trees and all natural beauty, with the descriptions of the golden melody, the crowns, the white robes, the waving palm branches, of the worship of the church triumphant? We have not the slightest sympathy with such a view of the proprieties of worship. When we consider a lily, the remotest thing in the universe that it suggests is the dark and bloody soul of Cain. But beautiful praise and beautiful flowers "belittle the preaching." No doubt they would throw some styles of preaching into a bad contrast—but that is the fault of the preaching, not the fault of God's flowers. The ferns and pines do not throw the solid and eternal hills upon which they grow into an unfavorable contrast. There is harmony between strength and beauty. The strongest and grandest sermon loses nothing by being set in the midst of melody and perfume. We do not say that these should be out of due proportion—but a well-trained people will have no disposition to make them so. If ministers will encourage their young members to train their voices for God's praise, if they will cultivate in them a love of the beautiful in God's thoughts and works, they will find no occasion for going to the opera for music. They will have sweeter strains in the churches and homes than they can procure elsewhere. Our churches are not sections of Tartarus—they are blocks of the heavenly land. Let them have some of the sunlight and sweets of Eden.

McClellan.

Geo. Alfred Townsend in New York Tribune.

I heard Geo. B. McClellan's speech on the great injustice inflicted upon him by Abraham Lincoln and Jehovah. McClellan was deeply in labor before he spoke. He chewed the cud of his lesson with a timid and working face, like the ever imperfect boy who feels the birch overhanging him. He had been years coming to the meeting, and this year was uncertain whether to come or not, and put it off till his arrival seemed like Wiggins's storm, the more anomalous because predicted. At the very moment he entered, Sherman was saying to a friend; "In little things you see the causes of failure in great things. McClellan is not here. He was indecisive—hello! Is that George B. McClellan? Yes, it must be!"

As the two men, Sherman and McClellan, sat side by side, McClellan within the larger disk of Sherman's stronger profile, I turned to Gen. Schofield and said: "They look like the Napoleon and Josephine on a coin." I might have said Cæsar and Cornelia. Yet the feminine member of the dummvirate got up and made the most immodest and egotistical address I ever heard. It was like Louis Napoleon's landing at Boulogne with the stuffed eagle and beginning a proclamation: "We, otherwise our uncle, being called hereunto, assume the Government and our Christian name, and order pie to be the public diet for one year." Not a word for any other man; no reference to the sacrifices of the people, and help of God, or the bloody sweat of Lincoln waiting for that little fellow to redeem some promise and get up and strike somebody. The yells of the unthinking soldiery merely showed that no State ever grows so wise that the hurrah power will not be a quantity, especially after the wine has come on.

Breaking a Corner.

Wall Street News.

In the early days of Michigan, when one dealer was the source of supply for a large territory, a capitalist from the East suddenly bought up all the tobacco and whisky to be got hold of in the State. There was no railroad communication; it was Winter, and there was no navigation, and everything promised a big profit on the speculation. Prices began to creep up and settlers to inquire and protest, and the capitalist was rubbing his hands and holding on, when something happened. He was on his way to church one Sunday, when he was seized by a band of tough-looking pioneers and carried to the river, where a hole had already been cut in the ice.

"What is the meaning of this?" he finally asked.

"It means old prices fur whisky and terbacker!" replied the spokesman.

"How?"

They proceeded to enlighten him. Two of the band gave him a duck into the water, and he was plunged in and hauled out three times before he got his breath and said:

"Gentlemen, tobacco has taken a great drop!"

"Give him some more!" said the leader, and into the freezing cold water he went again. When they hauled him out, blue with cold and teeth chattering, he observed:

"And whisky is 10 cents a gallon less than the old price!"

Why Tweed Did Not Fly.

New York Tribune.

It is probably an error to say that one of his female friends so fascinated William M. Tweed that she kept him in the country when he might have fled in safety, as Connolly and Cook, and Field and the Sweenys did. On the contrary, both the rival school teachers on whom Tweed lavished fortunes urged him to leave the country. One of them finally departed with "Tom" Field, and she still shares his exile and extreme poverty in Canada. The other tried to induce Tweed to go to San Francisco and take steamer for South America, like Harry Meigs, but his seasickness was so terrifying to him that he returned with the woman by the pilot-boat which took off the harbor pilot. He had an intense horror of the sea, and suffered untold agonies in his trip to Cuba at a later date.

RISEN FROM THE SEA.

How the Dead Followed the King.

Notes and Queries.

In 1771 I was at Naples when an Italian corvette, the Amirale Caracciolo, was launched at Castellamare. The vessel was christened by the Countess Teresa Caracciolo, the daughter of the chief of the elder branch of the Caraccioli. I was staying at Naples as the guest of the young lady's father, and I heard from him a very remarkable story connected with the death of the unfortunate officer in honor of whose memory the vessel was named. The circumstances which led to the execution of Prince Francesco Caracciolo in 1799 are well known. I shall merely state, therefore, that he was condemned by a court martial composed of Sicilian officers to be hanged at the yard-arm of the flag-ship for bearing arms against his lawful sovereign. When the official communication of the finding and the sentence of the Court was brought to the Prince, he was explaining the names and uses of the various parts of the rigging to some young Neapolitan nobleman who happened to be on board the ship. A glance at the letter was sufficient to show him its contents. He showed no sign of emotion, but requested the officer who brought the dispatch to wait for a few minutes while he finished his explanations. This being done, he retired to his cabin; and after a vain attempt to get the sentence changed to a more honorable manner of death, he resigned himself to his fate, which he met with great fortitude.

Some days after the event the King, who had been for an afternoon's cruise on a Sicilian ship-of-war outside the bay, was returning to Naples in the evening. It was a moonlight night, and the sea was perfectly calm. There was, indeed, so little wind that it was difficult to steer the vessel. The King was sitting in the balcony of the stern cabin, watching the sea, when suddenly he became aware that something was following the ship. As the object came near it was easy to distinguish that it was the body of a man in an upright attitude, as if treading water; and very soon the King was able to recognize the features of Admiral Carracciolo. His eyes were open and seemed to be fixed on the King, and except for its ghastly pallor, the face was unchanged. The explanation was simple. After being submerged for some days the body had become so buoyant that the weights attached to the feet were not sufficiently heavy to keep it under water; but they retained it in an upright position, and it was drawn along by the current created by the movement of the ship. It is easy to imagine the horror of Ferdinand at what he believed to be an apparition from another world. When at length it was explained to him what had happened, he gave orders that a boat should be lowered and that the corpse should be brought on board and taken to Naples for Christian burial. But the superstitious Sicilians dared not obey the royal command, and the ship, drawing in its wake the upright body of the Admiral, sailed slowly into the Bay of Naples. Here a boat's crew was obtained from an English man-of-war, who took the Admiral's body ashore, where it was deposited in his own palace, and at length received the last rites of the Church.

A different version of the story is given in Southey's "Life of Nelson." I have here related the traditional account preserved in the family of the Admiral exactly as it was told me by its chief.

A California Crank.

Frederick M. Shaw lives in the mountains near Los Angeles, Cal. He is a relative of the late Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, and was first heard of on the coast about 10 years ago, when he issued a prospectus of a hygienic colony, the members to live on a strictly vegetable diet. The failure made Shaw misanthropic. He made himself a house in a tree top, dressed in a peculiar style, and lived upon fruits and nuts. Among those who became deeply interested in him was a New Jersey schoolmistress named Margaret Garey Wright. A correspondence ended by a marriage by telegraph in 1879. The bride was taken out to the recluse's mountain retreat. The bridegroom was found clothed only in a shirt and cap, gathering honey. He was prevailed upon to don a pair of trousers. The couple lived in a shanty two years, when the woman departed. Shaw grew more eccentric, and lately was regarded as insane. The testimony was conflicting, but it was shown that he was not dangerous.

Goes Up Mechanically.

New York Telegram.

Those people who esteem it one of the most precious privileges of life to stand upon the curbstone and watch the tollsome elevation of a heavy safe to the second-story window of the building across the street will grow green with envy when they learn of the gratuitous entertainment which their brethren in St. Louis are enjoying. Hannah Buttersby, the largest woman in the world, who weighs 728 pounds and is of enormous stature as well as ponderous breadth, is considerably wider than the door of the art museum at which she is holding receptions. Consequently, a derrick has been rigged, with a stout cable and a large chain, such as furniture dealers sometimes use for signs, and Hannah makes an open-air ascension at a certain hour every day.

Douglas' Effusiveness.

Ben Perley Poole in the Boston Buddget.

Stephen A. Douglas was very demonstrative in his professions of regard. One day—so the story goes—he sat down on Beverley Tucker's knee, put his arm around the Virginian's neck, and exclaimed in his impulsive way: "Bev., old boy, I love you." "Douglas," says Tucker, "will you always love me?" "Yes," says Douglas, "I will." "But persisted Tucker, "will you love me when you get to be President?" "If I don't may I be blanked!" says Douglas. "What do you want me to do for you?" "Well," says Tucker, "when you get to be President all I want you to do for me is to pick some public place and put your arm around my neck, just as you are doing now, and call me Bev."

Tired of Butler.

Washington Capital.

In Massachusetts they are getting very mad at Gov. Butler, and there is no doubt that they will retire him to private life next Fall. Privately I hear that he is very sick of the Tewksbury investigation and utters curses loud and deep against the men who led him into it. He is not growing in popularity with the Irish element. All his appointments are made from the small class known as the Butler Republicans. The defense in the Tewksbury investigation begins this week, and is to be very short. Butler is on the wrong tack in trying to cut down the appropriations for the public institutions. They will finish him next November.

Concerning the Culture of the Cat

Boston Post.

A statician has figured out that in New York there are 74 cats to every linear mile of back fence; in Philadelphia 68, and in Boston only 32. We are not prepared to dispute this statement. In New York they crowd cats upon the back fences just as they crowd humanity into the tenement houses; but what we claim is that the 32 cats of Boston have a finer lung expansion than the 74 cats of New York. From this standpoint, as well as from all other standpoints, Boston is the musical center of the country.

Croquet.

Boston Transcript.

Croquet will soon be on deck again, and the circumambient air will again be surcharged with special invoices of those dear old familiar concomitants of the game, such as "You horrid thing," "You are just as hateful as you can be," "I won't play another minute, there," "You're a regular cheat," etc. It is unnecessary to repeat them. You will hear them all in a few short days.

Caught the Smallpox from a Pet Pig.

Stillwater Lumberman.

An Ohio man has taken the smallpox from a pet pig. When once this disease gets into a family it is pretty sure to go through it.

WHOLESALE CATERING.

Sending Meals From One Big Kitchen.

New York Tribune.

A new catering company is being formed in the City. It is to be a stock corporation, limited (the stockholder's liability being limited to the amount of his investment), with a capital of $100,000 and 4,000 shares of $25 each. The object, as the title indicates, is to furnish single persons, families, parties, weddings, etc., with nicely prepared meals and refreshments of the best kind, whenever and wherever ordered. The company has engaged a noted *chef* with a corps of trained assistants. Buying large quantities of supplies for cash, it will be able to save a considerable percentage on the general prices of retailers and a handsome amount likewise by cooking for a large number in one place and by a complete system.

The corporation proposes to lease, for 21 years, one or two lots in a central quarter, near Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, and to build a model kitchen, store rooms, offices, etc. Meals and refreshments will be delivered by a newly invented wagon with special apparatus. Each meal for each family will be put up at the general kitchen in a tight coffee box., on special silverplated dishes and platters, made to fit the box, and kept warm by steam, generated by a small heater under the wagon. The method has been theroly tested, meals having been delivered at a long distance in good condition. Each family is to have also a willow basket in which the bread, sugar, cold pastry and other food will be kept. A small refrigerator will be attached to each wagon for transporting in warm weather butter, salads, cream, etc. When the wagon has delivered the breakfast, the basket and hot box, to be exclusively used by one and the same family, will be left, the empty basket and box of the previous meal being carried off, and in this way no time will be lost.

Although the prices to be charged have not yet been fully determined, a careful estimate has been made, and they will be, for breakfast and dinner, for service of such food as the caterers may select and send, or for service from a printed bill of fare, about as follows:

One person per week	$12 or $14
Two persons per week	18 or 22
Three persons per week	23 or 28
Four persons per week	28 or 34
Five persons per week	33 or 30
Six persons per week	38 or 40

The highest figures are for the bill-of-fare meals, which will give change of breakfast and dinner daily, and be issued to patrons three days in advance, affording large variety and including fruits and luxuries in season. The lower figures also embrace a good variety, almost the sole difference between them being the difference of what is known as the *table d'hote* and *a la carte*. The amount of food served will be sufficient for at least one or two more persons in each case, owing to the number of courses at each meal. Luncheon will be served to those desiring it at rates to be agreed upon. Where there are children in the family, special arrangements and prices will be made according to age and circumstances.

The prices are not cheap, certainly, on the face; but it is claimed the company will furnish the best material cooked in the best style. Its meals are not intended for persons of small means. Many of the restaurants of the strictly family hotels, and those connected with large and high-grade apartment-houses in the city, are $15 a week per person, irrespective of numbers.

TURKISH OFFICIALS.

Their Ideas of Business and the Way to Conduct It.

Correspondence New York Tribune.

The child-like simplicity of the average Turkish official has never been properly set before the world. It is phenomenal, affording material that might be inexhaustibly worked up after present veins of humor wear out. The City of Nicomedia, on the Sea of Marmora, is connected with Constantinople by railroad. A line of steamers, subsidized by the Government, furnishes an alternative route for travelers. A few weeks ago the steamer company put upon the Nicomedia line a steamer built in feeble imitation of an American river boat—the only attempt in that direction with which Turkish waters are endowed. The steamer beat the railroad in its running time, while its superior accommodations left the railroad not the ghost of a chance. Everybody took the steamer and the railroad ran empty trains. The railroad company then complained to the Government of the outrageous conduct of the steamboat company. The authorities decided that the railroad had a right to run faster than any steamer. Hence the steamboat company had no right to use a boat that would beat the locomotives used by the company. Therefore it was ordered that hereafter the fast boat in question must be used only on lines where there is no railroad to complain.

One more instance of the same principle. The islands of the Archipelago furnish sponges of fine quality. From time immemorial the Islanders of the favored region have learned to dive and hold their breath for indefinite periods while collecting the delicate harvest of the rocks. The trade is the main resource of several of the islands. Latterly, certain men who have become tired of the ancient method of sponge-fishery, have had recourse to Europe for diving apparatus. Equipped with this apparatus they gather their sponges with ease and certainty, and bring to naught the greatest heroes of the primitive system. The inhabitants of one of the sponge islands have now petitioned the Porte for relief, pointing out that machine-diving is giving the entire control of the market to those who are rich enough to provide the apparatus, while the ancient system and its most worthy adherents are together falling into the rear in the race for life. The Government here, pitying these unfortunates, has prohibited the use of machinery in the sponge-fishery in order that all of its subjects may have an equal chance at winning prizes. The local Government has ordered a small fleet of sail-boats with which to restrain those lawless Islanders who have provided themselves with the unrighteous inventions of Europe, to the detriment of the peace and dignity of this ancient Empire.

Made a Difference.

Wall Street News.

An ex-broker of this City who removed to a Town in Indiana received a call from a local pastor with a view of having him join a certain church.

"I take it that you are a professed Christian?" queried the pastor.

"Well, no," was the reply.

"Indeed! What business have you followed in life?"

"I have been a broker."

"Ah! I see," said the clergyman, as he reached for his hat.

"But they cleaned me out of every dollar I had!" protested the broker.

"Oh, they did, eh? Well that makes a difference, of course!" was the reply, as the good man resumed his seat to continue the conversation.

Contemptible Cruelty to a Monkey.

Puck.

A Western circus has introduced a big monkey dressed up like a dude. It didn't require much dressing, to be sure; but, all the same, it is a case requiring

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but is an evidence of good faith. All letters to correspond with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that correspondents will keep all remarks intended for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

D. H. T., Rock Cave, W. Va.:
Please inform me whether there were any Confederate soldiers or officers held as prisoners after the close of the war.

Henry Wirz, who had charge of Andersonville, is the only name we now recall.

Reader, Bristol, Iowa:
Is Dr. Tanner, the faster, dead? I have seen it so stated in some paper.

Dr. Tanner is alive and able to contribute two or three columns to a newspaper on demand. His home is in Jamestown, N. Y.

A. B. H., Denny, Pa.:
Where is the Comstock lode situated, and what is it supposed to be worth?

It is in Nevada, and is said to be the richest silver mine in the world. Comstock, who discovered it, had little idea of its value, and derived but little benefit from its sale.

Jayhawker, White City, Ks.:
Please inform me if John C. Fremont was ever imprisoned in France for fraud in connection with Confederate bonds or money, or if not in what way he was implicated in the matter.

He was accused of fraud in France in connection with a projected Southern Transcontinental Railroad, and in 1878, in his absence, was found guilty and sentenced to fine and imprisonment.

J. C. R., Waynesboro, Pa.:
1. How is local attraction of the magnetic needle in a ship's compass-box prevented on board iron ships? 2. Is there any instrument to measure the varying degrees of electricity in the air? 3. There is a Patrick Henry born? 4. When were bombshells fired from mortars first used in warfare?

1. It is not possible to entirely prevent disturbances, but compasses are placed in different parts of the ship and comparative observations constantly made of their indications. The most confidence is placed in those which are furthest from the hull, as at the mast-head. 2. Yes. 3. Studley, Va. 4. In 1522.

F. R. M., Grand Ridge, Ill.:
Please give the vote for President in the "scrub race" in 1824.

Andrew Jackson, 155,872 popular votes and 99 electoral; John Q. Adams, 105,321 popular votes and 84 electoral; William H. Crawford, 44,282 popular votes and 41 electoral; Henry Clay, 46,587 popular votes and 37 electoral. The election being thrown into the House, Adams received the votes of 13 States, Jackson of seven and Crawford of four. John C. Calhoun was elected Vice-President by the electors, he having received 182 votes. There were 78 scattering votes for Vice-President.

J. C. C., Perkinsville, Vt.:
1. About a year ago I read in a paper that Daniel F. Beatty, the organ manufacturer, of Washington, N. J., was dead. Is it true? 2. How many bushels of field beans will an acre of land yield? Do beans require much or any fertilizing?

1. We have not heard of his death. 2. Forty bushels per acre can be raised on good corn land, with the same manuring and cultivation required to produce a good corn crop. They should be sown at about the same time as corn, in drills from two to two and a half feet apart, and from three to six inches apart in the drills. If a seed sower is used and the seed distributed evenly, three pecks per acre is sufficient.

Tom, Beaverdale, Ga.:
Tell me how to prepare tracing paper, to copy drawings by.

Open a quire of double crown tissue paper, and brush the first sheet with a mixture of mastic varnish and oil of turpentine, equal parts; proceed with each sheet similarly, and dry them on lines by hanging them up singly. As the process goes on, the under sheets absorb a portion of the varnish, and require less than if single sheets were brushed separately. It leaves the paper quite light and transparent, it may readily be written on, and drawings traced with a pen are permanently visible. It is very useful for learners. The paper is placed on the drawing, which is clearly seen, and an outline is made, taking care to hold the tracing paper steady. In this way elaborate drawings are easily copied.

D. G., Ambrose, Mo.:
Who was Wrangell, that the island should be named after him?

Baron Ferdinand Wrangell was a famous Russian traveler, who was born about the year 1795, and died June 6, 1850. He was a naval officer, and in the years 1820-23 he commanded a sledge expedition which went to the Polar Sea, penetrating north of Eastern Siberia as far as latitude 72 degrees, two minutes, and finding an open sea. The adventurous nobleman's explorations were recorded and the traveler's diaries were published in the German language and translated into English and republished, while quite a full narrative appeared in Russian subsequently. In the year 1867 Capt. Long traversed the Polar Sea, which had engaged the attention of the Russian explorer, and discovered an extensive territory which Wrangell had failed to reach. Capt. Long named the new country Wrangell Land.

John, Balmoral, Minn.:
Give directions for preparing paper and ink for taking copies of writing by pressure.

The copying paper is prepared by being wetted with a solution of 200 grains of the yellow or neutral chromate of potash in one gallon of distilled water. This paper can be used immediately, or may be dried, and damped with water when required for use. The copying ink to be used for the original writing must be made by dissolving (in a water-bath) about six pounds pure extract of logwood in one gallon distilled water. Damp six sheets of the prepared paper, and remove all superfluous moisture with good blotting paper; place the original writing on the upper sheet, and put in the copying press about half a minute; then remove the original and substitute in its place six more damp sheets of the paper, and press for a quarter of an hour. Then take the original again and lay it on the top of five more damped sheets of the paper, and press for about two minutes; finally remove the original, and in its place put three more sheets of the paper, then press for a quarter of an hour. This process will give 20 copies. If more than 20 copies are to be made, the writing of the original should, before the ink is quite dry, be dusted over with a powder composed of five parts extract logwood, one part gum arabic, one part gum tragacanth, and one part powdered gum tragacanth.

E. H. D., Franconia, Ala.:
1. Give a short history, of Toledo, Spain. 2. What is the population of New Haven, Conn.?

1. The city stands on a rocky higat, around which the river in horseshoe shape flows in a deep and narrow channel, crossed by two stone bridges 100 feet in hight, one of which, built by the Moors, consists of a single arch. The town is encircled by two walls, originally Roman, but repaired and extended by Goths, Moors and Spaniards, and entered by nine gates. The streets are steep, crooked and narrow. The houses are generally in the Moorish style, from two to four stories high, with the apartments arranged round a court. The cathedral, in pure Gothic and with a lofty spire, founded in 1258 and completed in 1492, is one of the finest in Spain. The principal manufactures are woolen and silk goods, oil, leather, and the celebrated Toledo blades, made in the royal sword manufactory, two miles from the town. There is also a royal foundery outside the walls. According to an ancient but improbable tradition, Toledo was founded by Jewish colonists in the sixth century B. C. It was taken by the Romans in 192 B. C. and by the Goths in A. D. 467, who made it the capital of their kingdom a century later. It was captured by the Moors in 714, and wrested from them by Alfonso VI. of Castile and Leon, after a terrible siege in 1085, when it became the capital of Castile, and at one time had a population of 200,000. It afterward suffered many sieges, and the removal of the court to Madrid in 1560 led to its decline. It was occupied by the French from 1808 to 1813. 2. 62,882.

H. A. B., Toledo, Iowa:
1. Where can I obtain the cartridges for Colt's revolvers? 2. Who is the Governor of Alaska?

1. From the manufactory at Hartford, Conn. 2. There is no Governor, the Territory not being organized.

Reader, Pearl, Ill.:
1. I wish to know where I can get a railroad or traveler's guide that will tell distance and ticket fare from one point to another. 2. I wish to send a present to a lady friend by express; would it be proper for me to pay express charges?

1. Address D. Appleton & Co., New York. 2. Prepay charges, by all means.

D. S. J., Broadford, Idaho:
What is the object of filing a caveat before taking out a patent? What steps are necessary to be taken?

The filing of a caveat prevents, during its existence, the issue of a patent, without the knowledge of the caveator, to any other person for a similar device. The caveator is entitled to receive official notice, during a period of one year, of any other petition for a patent for a similar or interfering invention, filed during that time. On receiving such official notice, the caveator is required to complete his own application within three months from the date of the notice. A caveat consists of a specification, drawing, oath and petition, but no model is required. The official fee for a caveat is $10, and agents generally charge $10 or $15 to prepare the accompanying papers and attend to the business. A caveat runs for a year, and can be extended by paying $10 a year. Caveats can only be filed by citizens of the United States and aliens who have resided here one year and have declared their intention to become citizens.

J. C. J., Wheeling, W. Va.:
Please give a short biographical sketch of the life of the great violinist, Ole Bull.

He was born at Bergen, in 1810. His father, a chemist, designed him for the church, and repressed his passion for music. At the age of 18 he was placed at the University of Christiana; but when he took the temporary charge of the orchestra at one of the theaters, during the illness of the leader, his connection with the University was dissolved. In 1829 he went to Cassel to study, but his reception was so chilling that in despair he went to Gottingen, and commenced the study of the law. His fondness for his art soon interrupted this pursuit, and he went to Minden, where he fought a duel, in which his antagonist was mortally wounded. He then went to Paris, where he was reduced to great straits, and attempted to drown himself, but was rescued. A lady who saw in him a likeness to her deceased son took him into her house and enabled him to make his first appearance as a violinist. The proceeds of his first concert gave him the means for a musical tour through Italy. The next seven years he spent in professional journeys through Italy, France, Germany, England and Russia, by which he acquired a handsome fortune. He built a theater in Bergen, and by introducing political sentiments into the dramas, was brought into collision with the police. Lawsuits in 1832 dissipated a large portion of his fortune. He came to the United States, and purchased a large tract of uncultivated land, comprising 120,000 acres, in Potter County, Pa., to which the name of Oleana was given. He sold the land at a nominal price to a number of families who formed the germ of a colony; but the project proved disastrous, the colony was abandoned, and Ole Bull resumed his concerts. In 1854 he took a lease of the Academy of Music in New York, but this enterprise also proved disastrous. He then returned to Europe. In 1869 he revisited the United States, and having lost his first wife, a Parisian lady, in 1870 he made a second marriage. He resided chiefly in this country thereafter until his death, which occurred in Bergen, Norway, August 18, 1879.

O. C. M., Ashley, Pa.:
Will you kindly throw some light on the "Brehon laws" of Ireland?

They were an ancient body of laws under which the Celtic race lived for many ages, and which gradually gave place to English laws as the island was overrun and conquered. Brehon (*breithamh*) signified a judge or professor of law; and the root is the Irish word *breith*, judgment or right. The brehons formed a kind of college, or faculty, and each great clan had its own brehons, whose office was hereditary. The possession and inheritance of landed property was regulated by the law called gavelkind, an ancient Celtic institution, but common to Britons, Anglo-Saxons and others. By this law inherited or other property was equally divided between the sons, to the exclusion of the daughters, except in default of heirs male, when females were permitted a life interest. The tenure of land was a tribe or family right, and the whole system of government was far more patriarchal than Teutonic—an indication of an Eastern origin. The eldest son succeeded the father to the exclusion of all collateral claimants, unless he was disqualified by deformity, imbecility or crime. In after ages, by a compact between parents, or mutual agreement, the succession was sometimes made alternative in two or more families. In case of separation of husband and wife, ample protection was thrown around the wife's right of property. If her property was equal to that of her husband at the time of marriage, she took an equal moiety of the collection lands, goods and chattels, and in case of dairy produce and the process of the loom two-thirds. If the property had originally belonged wholly to the husband, the wife was entitled to one-third on her separation; and if it had been her own before marriage, to two-thirds. In 1852 the English Government appointed a commission to "direct, superintend and carry into effect the transcription and translation of the ancient laws of Ireland, and the preparation of the same for publication." As the result of this several volumes have been issued. The principal materials used by the translators are thus described in the preface to the first volume, entitled, "The Ancient Laws of Ireland:" 1. A comparatively full copy among the manuscripts of Trinity College, Dublin. 2. An extensive fragment of the first part, 432, of the Harlein manuscripts in the British Museum. 3. A large fragment of the latter part among the manuscripts of Trinity College, Dublin. 4. A fragment among the manuscripts in Trinity College.

W. E. M., Hopestown, Ill.:
Please give the names of the rulers of the different countries of Europe, Asia and South America, stating whether they are Kings, Emperors, etc., as the case may be.

The following are the heads of the principal nations of the world in 1883:

GOVERNMENTS.	RULERS.	TITLE.
Argentine Republic	Julio A. Roca	President
Austria-Hungary	Franz Joseph I	Emperor
Belgium	Leopold II	King
Bolivia	Nicolas Campero	President
Brazil	Pedro II. Alcantara	Emperor
Chili	Domingo Santa Maria	President
China	Kwong Shu	Emperor
Colombia	F. J. Zaubano	President
Costa Rica	P. Fernandez	President
Denmark	Christian IX	King
Ecuador	Jose de Vintimilla	President
France	F. P. Jules Grevy	President
Germany	Wilhelm I	Emperor
Alsace-Lorraine	F. M. Baron Manteuffel	Oberpras
Anhalt	Friedrich	Duke
Baden	Friedrich I	G. Duke.
Bavaria	Ludwig II	King.
Bremen		B'mast'rs
Brunswick	Wilhelm I	Duke.
Hamburg		B'mast'rs
Hesse	Ludwig IV	G. Duke.
Lippe	G. F. Waldemar	Prince
Lubeck		B'mast'rs
Mecklemburg-Schwerin	Friedrich Franz II	G. Duke.
Mecklemburg-Strelitz	Fried. Wilhelm	G. Duke.
Oldenburg	Peter	G. Duke.
Prussia	Wilhelm I.	King.
Reuss-Gretz	Heinrich XXII.	Prince.
Reuss-Schleiz	Heinrich XIV	Prince.
Saxe-Altenburg	Ernst	Duke
Saxe-Coburg and Gotha	Ernst II	Duke
Saxe-Meiningen	Georg II	Duke
Saxe-Weimar Eisenach	Karl Alexander	G. Duke.
Saxony	Albert	King.
Schaumburg-Lippe	Adolf	Prince.
Schwarzburg Rudolstadt	Georg	Prince.
Schwarzburg Sondershausen	Gunther III	Prince.
Waldeck	Georg Victor	Prince.
Wuertemburg	Karl I.	King.
Great Britain and Ireland	Victoria I	Q. & E. I.
Greece	Georgios I	King.
Guatemala	J. Rufino Barrios	President
Haiti	Gen. Salomon	President
Hawaiian Islands	Kalakaua I	King.
Honduras	M. A. Soto	President
Italy	Humbert I	King.
Japan	Mutsu Hito	Mikado.
Mexico	Manuel Gonzalez	President
Morocco	Muley-Hassan	Sultan.
Netherlands	Willem III	King.
Nicaragua	Joaquin Zavala	President
Paraguay	Gen. B. Caballero	President
Persia	Nasser-ed-deen	Shah.
Peru	Montero	Pres. act.
Portugal	Luis I	King.
Roumania	Karl I	King.
Russia	Alexander III.	Emperor
Salvador	Rafael Zaldivar	President
Santo Domingo	Ulysses Heureuch	President
Servia	Milan IV, Obrenovic	King.
Spain	Alfonso XII	King.
Sweden and Norway	Oscar II	King.
Switzerland	L. Ruchonnet	President
Turkey	Abdul-Hamid-Khan	Sultan.
Egypt	Tewfik Pacha	Khedive.
United States	Chester A. Arthur	President
Uruguay	Maximo Santos	President
Venezuela	Guzman Blanco	President

W. T. S., Hopkins Mills, Pa.:
Does it pay to learn telegraphy?

Yes.

Reader, Aurora, Neb.: We have no knowledge of any law of the kind you inquire about. Your County officials ought to be able to enlighten you.

W. B., Rosedale, Kan.:
Please let me know how to address a letter to Jay Gould.

New York City.

J. C., Rives, Mich.:
Please inform me where to send for catalogues or information in regard to presses, type, etc., suitable for printing newspapers or other large work of that class.

R. Hoe & Co., New York, or Cincinnati Type Foundry.

J. W., Bloomville, O.:
Please tell where the beginning and terminus of the postal telegraph is, and where they have their headquarters.

The line at present extends from New York to Chicago. The intention is to have it extend across the continent. Headquarters, New York.

H. L. Rentchler, Ill.:
I wish to know the price of the books entitled "The Red Acorn," "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Red Acorn," $1; "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," $2; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," from 25 cents to $2, according to binding, etc.

R. A. H., Corning, Kan.:
1. Where could I get carp fish eggs? 2. How could I get a patent, and what will it cost?

1. Address Prof. Baird, Washington, D. C. 2. Write to Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York. The whole cost of a patent, if a simple case, is about $60.

J. T. H., Benton's Ferry, W. Va.:
Will you kindly tell me through the BLADE a cure for bunions?

The treatment for corns applies also to bunions, but the cure is more tedious. Dip a piece of linen rag in turpentine and wrap around the bunion night and morning. When a bunion is forming it may be stopped by poulticing it and carefully opening it with a lancet.

C. L. K., Palouse City, W. T.:
I wish to know if there are any of the States that have a law compelling the attendance at school of children, and what States? Please give an outline of the law.

Provision for compulsory attendance at school has been made in the Constitutions of Arkansas, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia; and New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Michigan, Ohio, Nevada, and probably other States have laws requiring parents to send their children to school during a specified period between certain ages, usually between the ages of six and 14. It is unlawful in some States to employ children under 14 in factories, etc. These laws are constantly violated, however, and parents and guardians are rarely brought to justice.

J. R. D., Lincoln, Ill.:
1. Where does the caterpillar come from, and where does it go? 2. What became of Blennerhassett? 3. Is Joseph Cook, the lecturer, orthodox? 4. Did the ancients weld copper?

1. They come from the larvæ of insects. In the Northern States there are about 1,000 different kinds of butterflies and moths; as each female lays from 200 to 500 eggs, these species, from a single female each, would [on an average produce in a year 300,000 caterpillars; if one-half of these were females, the second generation would be 45,000,000, and the third 6,750,000,000—so it will be seen there is not much danger of the breed dying out. The butterfly is the result of the "survival of the fittest," which reproduces and dies. 2. He died in the Island of Guernsey, in 1831. 3. Yes. 4. Yes.

S. P. Jaqueth, Benzonia, Mich., writes: "In reply to request of J. W. Allen, of Fort Steel, Wy., I send cure for poll evil and fistula of the withers: 1. Shoulder bone of a horse burned to coal (not lime) and powdered fine. 2. One tablespoonful of spruce bark, powderd. 3. One tablespoonful of crow's foot root, powdered. 4. One tablespoonful of glauber salts. 5. One tablespoonful of flour sulphur. 6. One teaspoonful of black antimony. Divide each ingredient into three equal parts and mix thoroughly into three powders. Give first powder at night, the second in the morning, the third next night, in oats or any kind of chopped feed. Be sure the animal eats it all. Bleed one quart of blood the third day after from the neck on the side where the poll evil or fistula is the worst. The animal must not be worked or ridden for 10 days, and then very carefully. After treatment, feed the horse but twice per day, such food as will not be heating (like corn), so that the blood will be more easily cleansed by the medicine, or a second dose may be needed and cure delayed. Do not give medicine until the poll evil or fistuala, as the case may be, gathers and breaks. Do not make any external application to scatter it; let it alone until nature forms an opening. I have never known this remedy to fail. I was asked a large sum for the remedy, but some years after it was given me. I give it freely, hoping to relieve some poor animal from the horrible treatment hitherto practiced on the noble horse. Any further information will be given any one writing me."

J. M., Petersburg, O.:
Please give a detailed account of the "Scott bill." Give the names of the persons voting pro and con on the same. Also give the bill in full. The people here claim that they cannot be informed through the papers on the matter, and I have not noticed any report in your sheet.

The BLADE published the bill in full, also the vote in full. It is not our fault if people will not read the news when it is fresh. As the matter is of considerable importance, however, we summarize the principal provisions of the bill: The law requires a tax of $100 per year for the sale of malt and vinous liquors—that is, beer, ale, porter, and wine, or any other product of the grape or malt. If the party, in addition to malt and vinous liquors, also sells distilled liquors, such as whisky, brandy, rum, etc., he must pay an additional $100, making $200 in all. This is the full extent of tax that can be assessed. The tax must be paid to the County Treasurer on or before the 20th day of June, as other taxes are paid. A person commencing business at any time after the fourth Monday of April will be required to pay a proportionate tax dating from that time to the assessment year. Parties engaged in the traffic are not required to give a bond. The property where the business is conducted is held for the payment of the tax, and that matter must be arranged between landlord and tenant. Any person selling liquor in leased property without the written consent of the owner, is liable to fine not exceeding $100 and not less than $25, and may be imprisoned in the County Jail not exceeding 10 days. It imposes the duty upon the Township and Ward Assessors of returning with their other returns a statement showing every place within their jurisdiction where such business is carried on, giving the name of the person and description of the person, and a statement whether only malt and vinous, or malt, vinous, and distilled liquors are sold, such statement to be signed and sworn to by the parties engaged in the business. If any person so engaged refuses or fails to furnish such information on demand, the fact shall be returned by the assessor, and the business shall be assessed $375. If any person, having sworn that he sells only malt or vinous liquors, is discovered during the year selling distilled liquors, his tax shall be increased $250, making $350 in all. If any of these assessments are not paid when due—that is, by the 20th day of June—then a penalty of 20 per centum will be added. The proceeds of the tax are to be credited by the County Auditors—one-fourth to the poor fund, and the remainder to be equally divided between the police fund and the general revenue fund. Where there is no police fund, three-fourths of the tax goes to the general revenue fund. The requirement of the Sunday provision is, that "all places where intoxicating liquors are usually sold on other days, except regular drug stores," shall be closed on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday. The definition of "place" is the room or part of room where such traffic is usually conducted. It repeals the statute prohibiting the sale of liquor to be drank on the premises, so that there is now no legal penalty for that act. It authorizes City Councils, by ordinance, to prohibit places for tippling and the sale of intoxicating liquors all days in the week. Councils are also authorized to permit places for the sale of liquors. Where Councils refuse or neglect to act, the status will be the same as present, except that the tax must be paid and no penalty attaches to the sale. The sale of liquor to a minor, without the written consent of his guardian or family physician, or to a person intoxicated or in the habit of getting intoxicated, will incur a fine of not less than $25 nor more than $100, and imprisonment for not less than five nor more than 30 days, or both.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $2, dated at Union City, no County or State, papers ordered for G. Hixson and Mrs. L. Miller.

Letter containing $1, dated at Harvey, no County or State, signed Mrs. R. C. White.

Letter containing $1, no name or address.

Letter containing $1, dated at Sonora, no County or State, signed Thos. Ainsley.

Letter containing $1, signed John Hood, no address, a nine-year subscriber.

Letter containing $1, dated at Hancock, no County or State, signed James B. Lorney.

If John T. Smith of McPherson City, will give his full address, we will look up his complaint.

Letter containing $2, signed by C. C. Parsons and W. S. Vanordol, no address.

Letter containing 25c, dated at Hartford, no County or State, signed L. S. Palmor.

The Sunday School.

At Iconium and Lystra.

LESSON 11, SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1883.

Golden Text.—Speaking boldly in the Lord.—Acts 14: 3.

LESSON TEXT.

Acts 14: 1-18.

1. And it came to pass in Iconium, that they went both together into the synagogue of the Jews, and so spake that a great multitude both of the Jews and also of the Greeks believed.

2. But the unbelieving Jews stirred up the Gentiles, and made their minds evil affected against the brethren.

3. Long time therefore abode they speaking boldly in the Lord, which gave testimony unto the word of his grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands.

4. But the multitude of the city was divided, and part held with the Jews and part with the apostles.

5. And when there was an assault made both of the Gentiles and also of the Jews with their rulers, to use them despitefully, and to stone them.

6. They were ware of it and fled unto Lystra and Derbe, cities of Lycaonia, and unto the region that lieth round about.

7. And there they preached the gospel.

8. And there sat a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked.

9. The same heard Paul speak, who steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving that he hath faith to be healed,

10. Said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked.

11. And when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia, The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men.

12. And he called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker.

13. Then the priest of Jupiter, which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands unto the gates, and would have done sacrifice with the people.

14. Which when the apostles, Barnabas and Paul, heard of, they rent their clothes and ran in among the people, crying out,

15. And saying, Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passion with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven, and earth and the sea, and all things that are therein.

16. Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways.

17. Nevertheless, he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.

18. And with these sayings, scarce restrained they the people, that they had not done sacrifice unto them.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

And so spake, that a great multitude believed (v. 1.) Even though God could reach men without a human instrumentality, he has chosen to have a place for the human agent, and to give power to the human agent in gospel preaching. And in the plan of God it makes a good deal of difference how the human agent does his work. A man can preach or teach so that he will not be believed, or so that he will not be believed. If you are a preacher or a teacher, in which way do you speak—judging from the results? If those who hear you do not believe what is the trouble with your speaking? This is an important question for you to answer.

The Jews that were disobedient stirred up the souls of the Gentiles and made them evil effected against the brethren (v. 2.) It is not so much to be wondered at that the Jews were ready to stir up the Gentiles against the brethren, as it is that the Gentiles were ready to be stirred up against the brethren, by the Jews. The Gentiles had never had such friends as Paul and Barnabas; yet the Gentiles would permit their enemies to stir them up against those friends And strange as that seems, there is a great deal of that sort of thing in the world now. Church members will allow godless outsiders to stir them up against their pastor, or against their fellow Christians. Poor foolish voters, of one clas or another, will allow themselves to be stirred up by those who hate them, against the very political leaders who are to be depended upon as always truest to their best interests. And men and women on every side are liable to yield to the whispers of those who cannot be trusted against those who are really their friends. Before we consent to be stirred up by any one against another, let us consider who it it that is trying to stir us up and why.

A certain man impotent in his feet who never had walked (v. 8.) There are a great many such men in the world. They cannot stand upright; they never have walked; they are as helpless as in infancy; the only way they move at all is by being carried; their friends and neighbors take them up, and set them down according to their own fancy; they do not think for themselves, or read for themselves; they depend on other people to show them what to eat and drink, and how to amuse themselves; they have one standard of right at one time, and another standard another time, just as they are brought to it by those who carry them. Theirs is a sad plight. Lord deliver us from it! Leave us not with powerless feet, unable to stand or walk!

He had faith to be healed (v. 9.) That was something to be thankful for. It is better to have strong faith and weak feet, than weak faith and strong feet. If a man's faith is strong, he can be made strong throughout. If he lacks strength of faith, no other strength will avail him anything. A man who depends on his own feet for progress, is but little better than he who depends on his neighbor's arms. But he who has faith has wings and if he has been made lame, he can be made whole. No man travels the road heavenward unless he has faith. He who has faith will not be likely to lack strength in his feet for the journey before him.

And he leaped and walked (v. 10.) The fact that he had never walked before made no difference. When he received an inspired command to walk, he sprang to his feet and stepped off as if he had been trained all his life to walking. Our expectations ought not to be limited to our former experience. If we never successfully resisted the temptation which at presents besets us, we ought to heed God's command, and have power over it now. If we have hitherto been unable to teach a class, or to lead in family worship, or to shake off a vicious companion, or to give liberally as God has supplied us, or to control our tempers or tongues, or to do any other duty assigned to us, we ought to stand up now at the divine call, and start right out on the path before us. And we shall do this if we have faith to be made whole.

The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men (v. 11.) How ready the world is to pay tribute to apparent success! If a physician works a startling cure; if a commander wins a great victory; if an author writes a popular book; if an inventor contrives a wonderful machine; if a financier rolls up a vast fortune—the world looks upon him and calls him great. There are, indeed, those who are ready to give him homage beyond what mere man ought ever to receive. It is rarely an intelligent tribute which is paid to such a man. The display of his power dazzles the eyes of those who observe him, and they are ready to worship him because he possesses what they lack and long for.

Why do ye these things? (v. 15.) That is a question which it is well to have often repeated. Why did these people worship Jupiter? Why did they offer sacrifices to him? Why did they propose to sacrifices to the strangers who had just come among them? Why do we worship God? Why do we go to church or to Sunday School? Why do we read the Bible or pray? Why do we give so much time to this work or the other? Why do we strive after this or that object or desire? Why do we any of these things?

Turn from these vanities unto the living God (v. 15.) If the worshiping of Jupiter and Mercury was a vanity of any time, it was none the less so because Barnabas and Paul might share in its fruits. And so they understood it. Vanity is always vanity. Sin is always sin. If the striving for worldly honors or for earthly riches is a folly, we ought to turn from it as quickly when we are asked to have a part in it as any other time. No matter what may seem to be the gain to us or our friends, to our political party or our religious denomination, through corruption and intrigue, through any departure from the law of truth and right, we ought to say promptly and in all heartiness to those who are engaged in the wrong: "Turn from these vanities unto the living God. Give us no more than our dues. Serve God and him alone, at any cost and always."—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

Probably True.
Boston Transcript.

Two St. Louis lawyers called each other "dirty puppies" in court the other day. Neither was on oath, but their evidence was deemed conclusive.

How can you remain a sufferer from dyspepsia when worse cases than yours are being cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla? Try it.

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Reunion of the Veterans of Stone River and Chickamauga.

The 15th annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland will be held in Cincinnati on the 24th and 25th of October, 1883.

This Society was organized under the auspices of Maj.-Gen. George H. Thomas, in 1868, and is composed of "officers and soldiers who have at any time served with honor in that army."

The constitution of the Society provides that "the object of the Society shall be to perpetuate the memory of the fortunes and achievements of the Army of the Cumberland, to preserve that unanimity of loyal sentiment and that kind and cordial feeling which has been an eminent characteristic of this army and the main element of the power and success of its efforts in behalf of the cause of the Union. The history and glory of the officers and soldiers belonging to this army who have fallen, either on the field of battle or otherwise in the line of their duty, shall be a permanent and sacred trust to this Society, and every effort shall be made to collect and preserve the proper memorials of their services, to inscribe their names upon the roll of honor and transmit their fame to posterity."

The Army of the Cumberland was one of the largest of the grand armies that battled so nobly and well to preserve the Union. Ohio gave to this army 60 regiments of infantry, four regiments of cavalry and 12 batteries of artillery; Illinois 43 regiments of infantry and seven batteries of artillery; 38 regiments of infantry, four regiments of cavalry and 12 batteries of artillery; Michigan eight regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, one regiment of mechanics and engineers, and five batteries of artillery; and the aggregate from 13 other States was 68 regiments of infantry, 24 regiments of cavalry and 10 batteries of artillery—making a grand total, at the opening of the Atlanta campaign, of 171,000 men. Every surviving member of these regiments who received an honorable discharge is entitled to membership in this Society. The Society of the Army of the Cumberland has always held high rank with kindred societies, and its annual reports, now numbering 14 handsome octavo volumes, bound in cloth, contain a large amount of biographical and historical information of great interest and value. It is deemed desirable to call the attention of those who were members of the grand old army, to the approaching reunion of the Society. The Corresponding Secretary, Gen. Henry M. Cist, of Cincinnati, will send blank applications and give any desired information to those who may wish to become members of the Society. Lieut. Gen. P. H. Sheridan is the President, and it is expected that the meeting in the great Music Hall, in Cincinnati, will be a large and brilliant one—a grand rally of patriotic and brave citizen soldiers. Many new members, who have not seen each other since the muster-out, will there shake hands, renew old army friendships, and, perhaps, drink again out of the same canteen.

A KENTUCKY MOB

Of One Hundred, Led by a Sheriff, Attempt to Lynch the Barrett Gang, but Are Driven Off.

MT. STERLING, May 25.—There have been confined in the jail of this (Montgomery) County, for 10 days past, John Barrett and 10 companions, known as the Barrett gang, charged with the murder of Vaughn Hilton, on the night of Saturday, May 12, on the edge of this County nearest to the Manifee line. Rumors had reached Judge James H. Hazelrigg, of this City, some days ago that a mob from Manifee County, composed of friends of the murdered man, were coming to take the prisoners at night and hang some of them at least, and he had ordered an extra guard to be on duty at the jail every night.

Last night Jailer J. O. Stevens, who is quite old, had gotten the City Marshal, Pat Punch, to take his place. Marshal Punch and Deputy Sheriff George McCormick were keeping guard in the hallway of the jail. Richard Farmer, James Thomas and Jesse Hamlin, armed with shotguns, Spencer rifles and pistols, were stationed in a front room upstairs.

At o'clock A. M. a mob of 100 or more on horseback entered Mt. Sterling from the direction of Manifee and rode rapidly to the jail, where they were reinforced by a small party on foot. When they advanced to the gate of the jail-yard, Richard Farmer, from his window above, with his gun well loaded with buckshot, asked who they were and what they wanted. "We want blood, and we're going to have it," was the prompt response, and to the further command of Farmer to halt there, said, "Close up this—they won't shoot," and at the same moment one of the mob entered the gateway.

When just within the gate, another message came from Farmer, but this time it was a leaden one with buckshot, which felled the leader. With demon-like yells, the mob commenced firing. The guards from the upper windows meanwhile returned the fire as rapidly as possible for three or four minutes, when the mob retreated. The bells of the Court-house and engine-house were promptly rung, and the Cerro Gordo Guards and many citizens soon came to the rescue.

Upon opening the jail door, the wounded man who had fallen forward upon the steps was carried into the jail and there recognized as A. J. Ringo, the High Sheriff of Monifee County. Near the jail, wounded in the leg, was found Thomas Clark, a wealthy farmer. Near him lay his horse, dead, killed by the bullet from the Spencer rifle which had wounded his rider.

Shortly afterward two or three stray saddled horses, with no riders, were found. Clark claimed that he was only passing and was accidentally hurt, but was not a member of the mob. His statement is generally disbelieved.

The general sentiment of the public here is that it was very unfortunate that the mob did not succeed in hanging the Barrett gang, as they are considered desperados of the most dangerous class.

A bunch of rope, with two hangman's knots carefully made, was found near Ringo. Ringo is dangerously wounded, five balls penetrating his right leg 10 inches above the knee, necessitating amputation and probably will result fatally. Although the ceiling above is riddled with bullets, none of the guards were wounded.

Sheriff Ringo, when asked by Marshall Punch what he meant by leading a mob, said: "John Barrett and his gang have been bushwhacking the people for three years past and the good people of my County are getting tired of it. This gang have recently been charged with the murder of Jim Messer, the shooting of Gil Messer, stabbing Vaughn Hilton two years ago, and were acquitted by the Courts. Three months ago they were charged with firing old Hilton's house, poisoning his cattle, stabbing and killing his horses, and shooting the old man Hilton, and four courts were powerless to convict; therefore, after advising with the best men in my County, I came here to hang Barrett and the others."

The affair seems to be the result of a family feud existing for a long term of years, which has, from first to last, cost many lives, and will only close with the death of all the parties concerned.

Ringo, the wounded leader of the mob, has three cousins and one brother-in-law in the outlaw gang, who he was attempting to hang, and which will doubtless cost him his life. He has since 1866 been an officer in his County, and has always enjoyed an excellent reputation in his County as a fine officer and law-abiding citizen.

The Way It Takes in Columbus.
Columbus Correspondence Cleveland Herald.

John McElroy, the genial and gifted editor of the Toledo BLADE, has made a hit in his novel, the "Red Acorn," judging from the demand for it here and the high praise it receives. Critical readers pronounce it not only the first entry into a field that has not been occupied heretofore by American writers, but characterizes the work as a word-picture from beginning to end, so vividly sketched as to leave a regret when finished. Gen. Walcutt, Mayor of this City, commanded the Red Acorn Division, after which the book was named, and there are many ex-members of the famous division from whose number, or those connected with it, the characters are taken.

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, May 31, 1883.

☞ Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

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TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 85,000.

NASBY.

Next week Mr. LOCKE will commence a series of the old fashioned Nasby letters from the Cross-Roads. For nearly a quarter of a century these letters have been written, and read, and it is to be hoped that those to come will be as acceptable as those that have formed a part of the political literature of the country for so many years. As heretofore they will be the running comment upon the political events of the day.

The first of the new series will appear next week.

In this connection we take pleasure in announcing other features for the instruction and entertainment of our readers. We shall very soon commence a new serial by Mr. ERNEST WARREN, whose "Throne and Scaffold" was so well received.

"Throne and Scaffold" was admitted to be the best serial story of the year, and one of the best ever written for an American newspaper. The new story will be still better. The scene will be lain in England, in Queen ANNE'S time, one of the most exciting periods of English history, and will be, as was "Throne and Scaffold," a historical picture of the times. Mr. WARREN has made careful studies of the subject, and we risk nothing in promising not only rare entertainment in the story, but solid instruction.

We have other features in preparation, which will be announced as our arrangements are perfected.

The BLADE is sent to any address postage paid for $1. At this price it is the cheapest paper in the world, and we promise the best. As good as it has been and is now, we pledge ourselves to make it better every week, until it becomes what it is our ambition to make it—a perfect family newspaper.

Those receiving this number who are not subscribers, will consider themselves invited to enroll themselves on our lists. Subscriptions may commence at any time, $1, postage paid, to any address.

CORN in Kansas promises well.

THE Mexican Government is perfecting a plan to encourage emigration. It will give land and pay for passages.

WIGGINS sits in a cave of gloom now, and gnaws his finger nails. He did not have a hint of one of these cyclones.

SEN. J. P. JONES holds out the hope to many fleeced lambs that the once famous Comstock will become good property.

WHAT is in a name? In Austria Lieut. SCHLAYER had the bad taste to fight a duel with an editor, and was very justly Schlayn.

COUNT HERMANN VON ARNIM has lately bought the famous Muskan estate which contains a Town and 39 Villages, inhabited by nearly 15,000 people.

MOODY and SANKEY have been praying for CYRUS FIELD'S soul, but he will change his stock jobbing methods greatly before prayers will do him any good.

GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN is strongly in favor of a "Tariff for Revenue Only." A few years ago Gen. GEORGE B. was in favor of conducting a war for pic-nic purposes only.

THE London *Times* sprang in 1788 from a dingy little sheet about twice as large as a sheet of foolscap, made up without a leader, and with only a few paragraphs of news. Its price was six cents.

"The Irish are the inveterate enemies of the Chinese," said AH WONG. "I do not know how we can ever get even with them except we form a society for the suppression of the Irish race. We often think of it," he said gravely and walked off.

IT is reported that the Standard Oil Company is trying to lease 6,000,000 acres of the best land in the Indian Territory, for five years at $120,000 a year, with the privilege of renewal. The tract is valued at $10,000,000. That is a nice little arrangement for the company if it is carried out.

SEND us the names of your friends who do not take the BLADE, that we may send them a specimen copy. It is doing them a favor, for where or how can they get so large a dollar's worth as the BLADE one year for $1. We want 50,000 names, and we will do them all good.

MR. H. B. SHERIDAN, the patentee of some 20 electrical machines, has applied for a patent for an improved device for executing criminals condemned to death. It is a chair in which the doomed man is eated, and a current of electricity is passed through him strong enough to cause instant death without pain.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

OUR anticipations last week of a radical improvement in the weather have not been justified to the extent that we hoped for. The crop indications are certainly much better than at the date of our last issue, and the probability is that they will grow still better from day to day. But the lowering weather has greatly encouraged the bulls, and prices of grain and meats have steadily risen under the impulse of a continuance of discomaging reports. As the weather is equally bad in England and on the Continent, it is anticipated that prices will continue firm and high for the remainder of the year. While we imagine that market rates of produce will be generally higher than last year, this will not be so much due to deficiency in American crops as in those of Europe. With our vigorous young soil we can overcome adverse meteorological conditions that would be fatal to the worn-out European fields. We have seen this repeatedly of late years. The wet weather of last year would have drowned out all vegetation on the old and weak soils beyond the Atlantic, while here it only accomplished a small reduction below the yield of a normal crop year. Therefore, assuming that the late cold and wet Spring has been as harmful as asserted, still the recuperative powers of the fertile earth is so great that a few good days will accomplish wonders in developing vegetation up to near the average.

THE week past has been a most exciting one in Russia, it having been commemorated by the crowning of the Emperor and Empress. The festivities began early in the week, but the solemn ceremony of coronation did not take place until Sunday. It is described as being a most magnificent pageant, and the people are represented as full of enthusiasm. The occasion passed off without any disturbance from the Nihilists, notwithstanding the threats which had been made for months previous. ALEXANDER and his wife are now in the eyes of the law what they have been in effect for several years past, the monarchs of all the Russias.

THE Dublin trials may be said to have come to a conclusion, only one of the Invincibles being left untried, and he because his poor health required a postponement. They seem to have been conducted with fairness throughout, the only thing to be complained of being the taking of special juries from a limited class of society. One was acquitted, the rest were undoubtedly guilty. So great, however, is the hatred for English rule that nothing but sympathy is felt by the Irish people both sides of the water.

THE Spanish Government has at last agreed to pay the American indemnity for injuries to the persons and property of American citizens by Spanish authorities during the Eastern insurrection. Provisions will be made in the Cuban budget for upward of $526,000, that sum being the award fixed by the Washington Commission.

SOME surprise has been occasioned by a change in the Italian ministry. The vote of the Parliament was in favor of the Government so largely, that nothing of the kind was expected, but immediately after it was taken, two of the Ministers resigned, and the Premier DUPRETIS was obliged to form a new Cabinet. Italy is taking considerable strides forward in various paths of progress.

THE latest news from Madagascar is to the effect that the French had landed and carried several military posts which had been erected upon certain territory in defiance of French rights. One explanation given of the object of the expedition is that it is to obtain the payment of sums due the French Government, and the latter proposed to hold the custom houses there as security for the amount.

LITHOGRAPH OF THE GREAT BRIDGE.

The great majority of our readers will never have an opportunity of seeing the great New York and Brooklyn bridge—the eighth wonder of the world. But every one, whether they get an opportunity to see it or not, would be glad to have a correct picture of it.

We have ordered published for our subscribers a very handsome colored lithograph, beautifully tinted, size 26x38, on heavy plate paper, accurately reproducing every detail of the great structure. This lithograph readily retails at 50 cents; but we propose to present one of them to each of our subscribers who will send us one new subscriber with a remittance of $1.10, the extra 10 cents being to cover the expense of packing and mailing. Any of our present subscribers can in a few minutes time secure a new subscriber at $1, and to the remittance add 10 cents extra, at the same time stating explicitly to whom we shall send the paper, and to whom we shall mail the picture. We make this arrangement without profit to ourselves, as a convenience to our readers. If we mail many thousand of the pictures we shall know that our efforts are appreciated.

IT is grown to be a laughable matter to see the chagrin of some European Countries because they cannot force the United States to admit their goods free. The proprietor of a glass works in Dresden, Saxony, lately refused to reply to some questions of the United States Consul because they might benefit a country that shut out by a Tariff the goods of the rest of the world. Too bad!

SOME 30 years ago a MR. FRANCIS SALTUS died, leaving property estimated to be somewhere near a million. The estate fell into the hands of the lawyers, and suits of all sort have been flying around loose. Nearly half a hundred lawyers have at one time or another been engaged in the case. Surrogate ROLLINS has at last ordered the distribution to the heirs of about $70,000, all that remains.

GERMAN astronomers predict the reappearance during this month of the Star of Bethlehem. The claim that it was the same that flamed up in 1574 and disappeared that it was seen in 1264, and going backward by leaps of 310 years the date of the Savior's birth would be reached.

BUTLER has had his say about the "Tewksbury horror," and now the other side propose to make some remarks which they assure us will completely annihilate the clap-trap superstructure of the great demagog.

THE German Emperor has issued a proclamation ordering the 10th and 11th of next November to be observed as the 100th anniversary of MARTIN LUTHER'S birthday.

THE COMING RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

Crowned though the Tsar be a thousand times with all the mummery and pinchbeck grandeur of the Russian ritual, he is not one whit firmer or safer on his throne. Though he coax the peasantry into good humor with gifts of hundreds of thousands of meat pies and lakes of beer deep enough to float a line-of-battle ship, he has not abated a particle of the deadly ferocity of the bloodhounds who will pursue him to the grave. A century—even half a century ago—all this flummery and clap-trap, this brave display of gold lace and nodding plumes, this surfeiting the eyes of the people with circus-like pageantry and their stomachs with coarse viands, would have satisfied them. The Russians were then all in the condition of ignorant servility that characterized the mass of the people of Western Europe, a couple of centuries ago, when feudalism was in its prime. They could be tickled at any time into effusive loyalty by a cheap largess of bread and ale. They have outgrown that condition, and are rising to the self-respect and manliness of true freemen. A gift of a meat pie and a bottle of beer will no longer wheedle them into years of unquestioning vassalage.

The truth is patent to all careful students and observers that Russia is ripe for just such a revolution as swept over France in the last decade of the 18th century. All the conditions that led to that convulsion in Western Europe are now fermenting to a head in the dominions of the Tsar, and no power short of Omnipotence can avert the trouble. When it comes, ALEXANDER III. and his court will be whirled before it like straws before a sea-wave—like LOUIS XVI. before the uprising of the French—and we may expect the guillotine to be set up in the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

What are these conditions? We will try to set them forth briefly:

Most of the great movements in human history pivot directly upon the ownership or use of the land. In France, which is a type of what prevailed all over Western Europe, the people were divided into two great classes: The few land owners, and the vast mass of land-tillers. From the latter the land-owners took everything, except the barest amount necessary to support life. A thousand men and women toiled like beasts of burthen, wearing but a single coarse garment, living in huts and subsisting on black bread and cabbage soup, in order that one man might dwell in a chateau, drink fine wines, and clothe himself in silks and furs. As long as the community was wholly agricultural this condition of things went on without change, for the purely agricultural laborer seems incapable of resisting oppression.

But as soon as a middle class began to develop, out of the traders, mechanics, artizans, merchants, and followers of professions, trouble ensued. These men would not endure as tamely as the farm laborer to give up all the proceeds of their toil to keep the lord of the castle in luxury; they would not surrender their wives and daughters to the *seignor* on demand. The lords resented this independence just as the Southern slave-owners used to resent any assertion of manhood on the part of the "niggers." Out of this grew most of the internecine wars which convulsed Europe for centuries. The nobility of France used to periodically kill off the middle class people, or drive them into banishment as they grew too numerous and powerful. Out of these disturbances England and the Netherlands profited immensely, in gaining thousands of valuable skilled workingmen, who were driven away from home ostensibly because they were Protestants, but really because they resisted the oppression and greed of the nobles.

But in spite of this the middle classes steadily grew, and finally the day of retribution came. A succession of bad crop years with extraordinarily cold Winters, and commercial distress inflamed the suffering people, until they rose in awful power, and literally swept the nobility and their allies, the clergy, from the face of the earth.

Russia differs from France mainly in being a century behind the age. All the conditions are very similar to those that existed in France in the middle of the 18th century. Twenty-three years ago 99 out of every 100 Russians were serfs more degraded than our slaves, for they were bound to the soil. Great nobles owned thousand of these, and hundreds of thousands of acres of land. The serfs lived in wretched huts on just enough black bread and cabbage to support life, while the lord resided in a magnificent castle, and squandered fortunes in Paris, in every conceivable form of costly dissipation. The only middle class element were the traders, merchants, mechanics, professional men, sailors and the like, mostly Germans and Jews and living in St. Petersburg, Moscow and Odessa. In 1861 the father of the present Tsar freed the serfs. They were allowed to leave their land and go where they pleased, and since then the growth of middle class has been very rapid. Russians have entered the trades, business, and the professions in great numbers, and with their increase of knowledge has come bitter hatred of the oppression they endure under the present system, and a disposition to gain relief at whatever cost.

Out of this class come the much-abused Nihilists, who are really fighting a most gallant battle for freedom, and, when need be, dying with a heroism equal to any thing recorded in history.

Much now depends in Russia upon the condition of the crops. The commercial situation is quite bad, with an irredeemable paper currency and ignorant and corrupt officials burdening trade in the most grievous manner. A bad crop or two will rouse the people to such desperation that they will rise as the French did in 1789, and a Reign of Terror follow that will make pale before it memories of ROBESPIERRE and MARAT.

THOMAS WELSH, of Pittsburg, attempted to pound his wife, but she asserted the dignity of American womanhood by snatching up a red-hot bayonet, which was in use as a poker, and prodding him through the lungs therewith. TOM was—he is probably dead by this time—no doubt a bad citizen, and

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom it were gross flattery to name a coward,

and all that; but, at the same time, to jab him in the gizzard with a red-hot bayonet seems kind o' sudden and severe.

NASBY IN EXILE.

Agents are meeting with good success in canvassing for this elegant subscription book. Anybody can sell the book and make a clear profit of $5 to $10 per day. It costs but $1 for an outfit. Address LOCKE PUBLISHING CO., Toledo, O., for circulars of description.

WHAT THE TARIFF HAS ACCOMPISHED.

Mr. JOSEPH NIMMO, jr., the great statistician, has an article in the *North American Review* for June, on "American Manufacturing Interests," which should be read and digested by every one. There is no man in the world who should be listened to with more deference when speaking on this subject, than Mr. NIMMO, for no one has had his opportunities for a largeness of knowledge, and no one stands higher in reputation for ability to deal successfully with the great facts of statistics and their economical meaning.

Mr. NIMMO sketches rapidly the condition of American manufactures at the time of the Revolution, when four-fifths of all their clothing was made by the people themselves, and then shows how a Tariff system to encourage manufactures was develop by the magnificent genius of HAMILTON, aided by WASHINGTON'S unfaltering support, against the assaults of the Jeffersonian school of demagogs.

Protection had its ups and downs with every change in the political current—ups when the Federals or Whigs were in power, and downs when the Democrats came in. It was only in 1860 that Protection became a permanent, well-settled policy, and of the marvelous growth that followed Mr. NIMMO says:

According to the census, the value of the products of manufactures in the United States was, in 1850, $1,019,106,616; in 1860, $1,885,861,976; in 1870, $3,422,415,933; and in 1880, $5,369,579,191. During the period from 1860 to 1880 the manufacturing industries of the United States were more highly protected than during any previous period in the history of the country. The average *ad valorem* rate on imported merchandise was increased from 14 per cent. in 1861 to 42 per cent. in 1865. It is an historical fact, however, that this large increase of duties was prompted by the needs of national defense and not by any prevailing sentiment in favor of the protection of American enterprise. As the result of the large increase of duties on imports, the customs revenues increased from $39,068,269 in 1861 to $177,656,523 in 1866. Although the duties on tea and coffee were reduced in 1870 and abolished in 1872, and other reductions of duties were subsequently made, the aggregate duties on imports during the year ending ending June 30, 1882, had increased to $216,138,916.

At the same time the foreign commerce of the United States grew more rapidly than ever before. The total value of exports increased from $333,576,057 in 1860 to $835,638,658 in 1880, and the value of imports increased from $353,616,119 in 1860 to $667,954,746 in 1880. During the same period agriculture, mining, internal commerce, and all the other great business interests of the country advanced more rapidly than ever before. The railroad mileage of the country increased from 30,635 miles in 1860 to 93,671 miles in 1880. Inventive genius, also, was stimulated as never before in the history of the country, the number of patents issued having increased from 4,819 in 1860 to 13,947 in 1880.

Surely so wonderful a result is the fullest vindication of the wisdom of that policy. Under Democratic freezing and starvation, our manufactures were only valued at $1,000,000,000 a year; under the fostering warmth of Republican protection they waxed and grew literally five fold, or to more than $5,000,000,000 a year. Can a tree which produces such wonderfully rich fruits be other than very good?

There is one fact that Mr. NIMMO makes prominent that is of special importance to the farmers in the great interior of the country. This is that of the $512,867,989 worth of agricultural products exported in the year ending June 30, 1882, over 95 per cent. came from the "great surplus-producing Western States."

Thus, Tariff has given the farmers of the East a sufficient market for all their products. They not only ship nothing abroad, but immense quantities must be brought in from the Interior to supply their deficiency. After making this up there is still a surplus product of our Western fields to be marketed, which is sent across the ocean and put on sale.

It goes without saying that the farmers of the West must pay all the expense of transporting their wheat and corn, and meats to where they can find people to buy and eat these products. If they have to find these in England they get less for their products, than when they are found in New England; and they get still more when the consumer can be found west of the Alleganies. The nearer home the farmer can bring the consumer, the more profitable customer he makes of him.

This is why a Tariff is of more benefit to the farming classes than to any others.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

The following letter received for publication in the HOUSEHOLD will give some idea of the circulation of the BLADE. The writer had inserted in that department a two or three line offer of a certain pattern or block to any who would send to her a request with a self addressed postpaid envelope, with the consequences detailed:

Dear ladies, do some pity take, and I will no more offers make to the HOUSEHOLD, unless I feel that I have the strength of Samson and the patience of Job, and at present I have but little of either.

I have received so much benefit from the HOUSEHOLD department that I thought I would like to contribute my mite, but did not suppose that more than two or three persons would wish a square of "Centennial Crown," and I had a few spare ones. Now those are exhausted—my pieces have "played out." I ripped up a quilt, and that is gone, and my patience went with it. I want to say to the ladies that it is impossible for me to fill any more orders without some compensation.

If any one has a doubt of the large circulation the BLADE claims, just do as I did, and you will soon find out that it is simply immense. I have sent patterns from Maine to Nebraska. When anyone calls after this I will send direct to them, but dare not enter the HOUSEHOLD again. I can hardly sit up now. I have often wished to take up some of the topics which have been discussed, but now I see it was best to let them alone. I do hope that "Centennial Crown" will be forbidden words in these columns again, or until I get a rest.—MRS. NELLIE BARKER, Abrams, Wis.

And here is another:

In the BLADE of March I gave notice that I could not answer any more letters for patterns and verses, and since then I have received from four to eight daily. Some of them I have answered and others I could not. I have replied to nearly 400, and I think my time is out. I will say to "L. J." if she will let me know what pieces of those patterns are wanting I will send them to her, as I want her to have the worth of the six cents invested for postage.

H. A., Hemlock Lake, N. Y.

WIVES are peculiar. MRS. SAMBORY, of New York, asked Mr. SAMBORY for 10 cents, for some domestic expenditure. He hadn't the amount about him, which, as he is trying to support a family on $3 a week, was his customary impecunious condition. Mrs. SAMBORY promptly proceeded "to take it out of his hide," with the assistance of the rolling-pin. This made SAMBORY tired, and he asks for a divorce. One would think Mrs. SAMBORY would be glad to get rid of a husband who is usually destitute of even a modest dime, but she resists the application vigorously, and has SAMBORY arrested for abandonment.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

We wish every family receiving the BLADE could also possess a copy of the Illustrated Bible Biography, the handsome $3 book we are now mailing postpaid for $1.25. Out of nearly 5,000 copies printed, we have only some 800 left, and they are going fast. Secure a copy while you can.

A QUESTION.

The speech of Col. INGERSOLL to the jury upon the Star-Route cases which took six days to make, was finished last Friday, and is said to have produced a very deep impression upon the 12, moving them at the last to briny tears. Certainly it was not the cogency of the arguments that wrought this deep emotion, for reasoning, however much it may affect the head, does not touch the heart. It was simply the power of his eloquence, the way in which he put the most expressive words of the English language together in order to convey what would be most likely to reach the ordinary man's emotional nature. Col. INGERSOLL understands this art as well or even better than any other orator now before the public. He has a hearty, genial way that impresses an audience with the idea of sincerity and good nature, and a fervid impassioned eloquence, that is exceedingly dangerous when exerted upon the wrong side.

This brings up the question of the extent to which this power of oratory ought to be allowed in the trial of criminal cases. If the greatest was always found upon the side of right and justice it would not so much matter, but it is quite as likely to be exerted for the rascal who has money. The jury is made up of men with human sympathies. Carried away by impassioned appeals, often made in behalf of the helpless and innocent who are connected with the criminal, their reason is clouded for the time and they give a verdict that a cool, common sense view of the matter would not approve of. Once given, no matter how much it may be afterward regretted, the mischief is done.

An accused person should always have a fair trial. He should have every opportunity to prove his innocence, and the benefits of all reasonable doubts. He should have no influences arrayed against him which are not legitimate. But the community is to be protected and it is not simply whether this one person is or is not guilty of the offence charged, but whether crime is to be encouraged by allowing it to go unpunished. Anything which interferes with the course of justice assists in this direction.

Great care is taken that juries shall be made up of men who are unprejudiced for or against the accused. So far is this carried sometimes as almost to deny him common intelligence in these days when newspapers are so universally taken and read. But after they are sworn, it sometimes seems as if every effort was made to warp their judgment, as in the present case when Col. INGERSOLL by his impassioned oratory succeeded in dissolving the jury in tears. It may be said that both sides have an equal chance to work upon the feelings of those who are to judge of the right and wrong, but both sides have not always equal power, and such cases must bring up the question of the latitude that ought to be allowed in these final speeches before juries.

ITALIAN MATTERS.

The advancement made in internal affairs in Italy is much of it due to the skilful management of the Premier, Signor DUPRETIS. Altho now an old man, he yet retains his force of character and holds matters with a firm grasp. To him is owed the lightened taxes, the building up of the army and navy, the advancement of popular education, and the keeping of Italy from foreign entanglement. When he dies, that country will lose one of its best friends.

The recent change in the ministry has been a surprise to those who do not understand its causes. There had been a debate lasting for over a week upon the Government's policy in certain matters which resulted in an overwhelming vote to sustain it. It would seem that the confidence thus expressed did not call for a reconstruction of the Cabinet, and yet immediately following the vote, two of its leading members resigned, one being Signor ZANDARILLI who framed the new Electoral law.

The Italian Parliament is utterly unlike that of Great Britain in its constitution. Unlike the latter, it has not two great parties which are nearly evenly balanced, but the Left is in an overwhelming majority, and has been for the last seven years. The consequence is, that having no great opposition to unite it, dissensions have arisen among its members, and it has only been Signor DUPRETIS'S strong hand which has held it together.

Lately, however, the Premier has declared that he would no longer countenance its more aggressive sections, and a combination was effected between his personal followers and the Right. To please the latter he opposed some of the schemes of the Ministers that represented the advanced portion of the Left, and they organized an attack upon the Government, which resulted in its defeat and the resignation of the two Ministers as before stated.

The Premier has now a most difficult task before him. He must keep peace among the factions of the Left and he must reward the Right for its services. Failing to do either and there is trouble ahead, which even his skillful management will find it difficult to stem. Future developments will be watched with great interest.

THE platform of the Kentucky Republicans is an admirable one. It comes squarely to the front on all important issues, and if the people of Kentucky were not wedded to Bourbonism, would attract to the Republican banner all who favor good Government and political progress. They declare in favor of a Tariff which will not only give incidental but intentional protection, they urge that the State shall once advance from its deplorable backwardness in common schools, and that the prisons and asylums shall be brought up to the level obtained in other States. These be plain, tangible reforms, which must commend themselves to all citizens of the State who care for its welfare, and that it be raised out of the slough in which it has wallowed since all progress stopped decades ago, when the Democrats came permanently into power.

THE Brooklyn bridge cost in all about $15,000,000. This is about $3,000,000 more than the St. Louis bridge cost, but there were several millions of steal and blackmail wrought into the St. Louis bridge. Probably the same items enter largely into the expense of the Brooklyn fabric, as it does not seem likely that an enterprise of that magnitude could get by such a gang of corruptionists as the New York and Brooklyn politicians without paying exorbitant toll.

ANYBODY can sell a good subscription book, and the best selling book of this season is "Nasby in Exile." Write the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

RUSSIA'S PAGEANT.

Perhaps never in the history of Russia has there been such a magnificent pageant as is now seen in Moscow, the ancient capital, the City hallowed to the people by so many of the most glorious national associations of the past. On Tuesday their Imperial Majesties made a solemn entry amid an enthusiastic crowd, with the booming of cannon and the clang of bells, the roll of drums and the triumphant strains of martial music by the bands. It is said that the Emperor looked proud and happy as he passed on preceded by 300 splendid cavaliers and followed by his staff of 200 men, while the air was rent with deafening shouts and cheers.

Grand as was the entry, it will be put in the shade by the magnificence that will be displayed on the day of the coronation. At that time the Emperor will ride in a carriage said to have cost $50,000 and there will be 23 gold carriages in the procession. Fifty-five thousand silver medals will be distributed among the troops, and several thousand gold ones among the officers. The Imperial Guards from St. Petersburg will number 30,000, with 121 generals and 2,417 superior officers.

At evening Moscow will be illuminated by a quarter of a million lanterns and 3,500 Edison lights. The cost of all the festivities, it is estimated, will be £15,000,000,

As yet the Nihilists have not been heard from. It is possible that the precautions taken may prove sufficient to prevent a catastrophe, and it is also possible that they are only waiting for the final part of the ceremony before striking a blow at the newly crowned monarch. The Emperor may be happy in the plaudits of the vast crowd assembled to take part in the brilliant pageant, but in his heart must rest a fear of what may happen, for he knows there are desperate men and women who hate the idea which he represents with a most bitter, unrelenting hatred that will stop at nothing which promises to wipe out every thing pertaining to it. They have sworn that he should not be crowned. It remains to be seen whether they will carry out their threat. So far all has been merry as a marriage bell with no outward sign of the volcanic fires of revolution that are raging beneath the surface.

MADE A HERO.

JERRY DUNN, the murderer of ELLIOTT, is having a fine time of it in Chicago since his acquittal. He seems to be made a sort of hero, as if he had done a fine thing in taking the life of a fellow being, and probably it is so considered among the sporting fraternity. Perhaps in the sense of ridding the earth of such roughs he did, and it would be well for the community if he had perished with his victim, since the law has proved so utterly powerless in the matter.

It hardly seems possible that such a scene such as that described as having occurred at the Grand Opera House a night or two ago could have taken place even in Chicago. DUNN was seated in festal array in a box. The play was "Monte Christo," with JAMES O'NEIL as *Edmund Dantes*. In the part where he predicts that right will triumph over wrong, he pointed several times at DUNN; the audience applauded enthusiastically; people arose in their seats, handkerchiefs were waved, and there was a general ovation to the conquering hero. What an encouragement for other sports, each to kill his man, or for anybody in the community to put his enemy out of the way if this is to be the outcome.

It must be that a considerable part of the audience was made up of DUNN'S friends, who took this occasion to defy the opinion of the respectable portion of the community. The motive of the actor, if his movement was intentional, is harder to understand. It gives a suspicion that his tastes run in the direction of the class to which he thus offered a compliment.

Several of the prominent ministers denounced from the pulpit on Sunday evening the acquittal of DUNN, and EMERY A. STORRS, his lawyer, came in for a share of the condemnation. Inasmuch as the latter has often appeared in the ranks of the reformers, speaking earnestly and eloquently upon the danger of permitting the criminal classes to go unrestrained, the criticism would seem to be a just one.

It is certain that Chicago will have to turn over a new leaf in her way of punishing crime, ere she can be considered a law abiding City. When a prize fighter and murderer can be exalted into a hero, and enthusiastically applauded in a place of public entertainment, there seems something morally rotten which calls for careful cleansing.

SUMPTUARY LAWS.

The brewers in convention at Detroit had to have their fling at "sumptuary laws." Thus the bad English of Democratic platforms corrupt the style of even the beer-makers. There has not been a "sumptuary law" enacted in this country since the Revolution, and probably not for half a century before. But that has not prevented every Democratic Convention, since the party was spawned, from solemnly declaring against "sumptuary laws," as one of the enormities committed against the people by the vile Federalists, Whigs or Republicans. This has always been as much a part of their pronunciamentos as their "pointing with pride," their "unswerving allegiance to the unchangeable and time-honored principles of Democracy," and the rest of their meaningless balderdash.

The dictionaries define the word "sumptuary" as follows:

SUMPTUARY, a [Latin *Sumptuarius*, *Sumptus*, expense. Pertaining to, or regulating, expense or expenses.

Sumptuary laws, laws passed by a Government to restrain the expenditure of its subjects or citizens, either in apparel, food or otherwise.

The early colonists, we believe, did pass some laws intended to control the expenditures of people for clothes, house-furnishing, food, etc. Such regulations were popular two centuries ago, but the only trace of their existence now-a-days is in the phrase which these platform-tinkers repeat with parrot-like persistence.

AMONG other topics suggested by the Chicago *Herald* for the consideration of Summer School of Philosophy are "Human Hide as a Substitute for Leather," by Prof. MARSH, of Tewksbury; "The Art of Making Your Political Enemies Dance," by Gov. B. F. BUTLER; "On the Best Methods of Shaving Down Alimony," by Sen. JAMES G. FAIR; "On Saying the Right Thing at the Wrong Time," by CARTER H. HARRISON; Song, "I Would Not Live Alway," by SAMUEL J. TILDEN; "The Best Way to Deal With England," by JOHN L. SULLIVAN; "Some Are Taken and Some Are Left," by DEB. R. KEIM; "How We Did it," by the "Hon." PHIL H. THOMPSON and Mr. JERE DUNN.

A BROOKLYN man, traveling in Mexico, says that the "Greasers," the lower class which constitutes nine tenths of the population, are the most shiftless people on the face of the earth. Were it not for the women the race would die out purely of inanition. A dark-skinned, cumberground stands at every point that can be made of use to support some hundreds of pounds of lazy Mexican. Their "homes" are as poorly made as their attire. The traveler finds on the outskirts of every town wretched huts made of mud, sticks, corn stalks, tin cans, barrel staves, and all other old rubbish, the older and the more wretched the better, that a mudwall can by any possibility have put into it. They are roofed with tule thatch, which slopes down nearly to the ground. Each house, if house it can be called, has a little garden patch where the women cultivate a few onions, beans, sweet potatos, and of course that primal necessity of life to all Spanish peoples, red pepper. The "Greasers" are very economical, however. A hill of beans a day will support a family. In the Winter a five cent soup-bone and a yam will answer. Of course every one owns a donkey, several chickens and any amount of dogs. The head of the family scarcely ever stirs, even to roll over and light a cigaret. Occasionally, when every other resource fails, one will go out into the woods and with his donkey gather up a few sticks and take them into town, where he sells them for a few cents, pluming himself for the next month on his unexampled activity. However, they do this very seldom.

AMONG the many interesting things to be shown at the Chicago Railway Exhibition will stand prominent the "Arabian, No. 1," the first successful American locomotive. It was built some 49 years ago for the Baltimore & Ohio under the supervision of its designer, a Mr. DAVIS. It is supposed to be the oldest effective locomotive in America, if not the world. It is a geared engine, having a vertical cylinder, with walking-beam and four driving-wheels, each 36 inches in diameter or nearly half the size of a modern driver. Its weight is 13 tons, that is to say, about one-third as heavy as one of the present engines, and it has a pulling power of about 6,000 pounds. Though it has been in constant service ever since it was made yet it is in good repair to-day as it ever was, with the exception of some fans which were once connected with the exhaust, but these having been broken off they were never replaced. Like the Bullock press the first time it was put into operation it killed its maker. When it was completed Mr. DAVIS invited the workmen of the railway's shops, some 300; to come with their families on a trial trip to Washington. Thirteen miles out of Baltimore the engine ran off the track and rolled over on its side. No one on the train was even scratched save Mr. DAVIS and he was instantly killed. A most thoro investigation was made and a great many witnesses examined, but nobody was ever able to give any reason for the engine's going off the track. Since that it has never met with even the slightest accident.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE'S apology for the attitude of the Pope toward Ireland will not mend matters very much. To say that the Holy Father has been misled by those around him into hostility to the interests of the Irish people will not restore their love for the "Vicar of Christ," nor strengthen their belief in papal infallibility. The Irish know little of the incumbent of the papal office, they have no personal attachment to LEO XIII. more than to any other Italian cardinal. It is the office itself which claims their reverence and love. If this office can be turned against them, and made to injure them and serve their oppressors, this love and reverence will soon become hatred. It will not avail to plead mistake. The Pope, like a King, must never make a mistake. Good management will now be required at the Vatican to prevent the establishment of an Irish Catholic Church.

THE editor of the Chinese paper in New York says he is making money and getting along very favorably in everything, except that the Irish newsboys run his newsboys off the street. He is now much excited over the Chinese outrages in Mott street. He says the Irish did it all. No such crimes exist as those that they make out against the Chinese. The whole thing was gotten up for political purposes, and he warmly endorsed the action of the Superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who took the part of the Chinamen in the fight.

KENTUCKY has had another experience with mobs. This one attempted to lynch a band of desperados confined in the Monigomery County jail. The mob was led by the high Sheriff of Manifee County. The attempt failed, through the vigilance of the jail officials. Had it been successful that part of the State would, doubless, have been better off, for the gang against which the anger of the mob was directed had been long a terror over many miles of territory.

LORD EDMUND FITZMAURICE denied in the House of Commons the report that the Pope's circular which has caused so much Irish agitation was issued at the request of the British Government. He said that Mr. ERRINGTON had no appointment from the Government and had acted entirely upon his own responsibility. This is probably the truth altho the enemies of the Liberals will not be inclined to believe it.

AFTER all, this CZAR seems to be a man of delicacy of feeling and thoughtfulness. He gave each of the correspondents attending the coronation $100 with which to pay carriage fare. Shall Nihilists with their blasting, bloody, blameful bombs burst up a gentleman that has such true appreciation of the requirements of journalism? Forbid it, heaven. The poor newspaper man has too few real friends to be able to spare one.

ELIZABETH, N. J., is in deep trouble. It owes $7,000,000 and is utterly bankrupt. The citizens are discouraged and talk of abandoning the place unless the municipality can be released from at least half of its indebtedness. The question is how did it get into such a fix.

IT is stated that out of a population of 36,000,000 in Great Britain only one-third are in the communion of the Church of England, and it has accommodations for barely half the number. This is urged by dissenters as a reason why it should no longer be the national church.

MORE than $100,000,000 would be required to purchase the cattle now roaming over the State of TEXAS.

CURRENT EVENTS.

SEC. TELLER has directed that in the future the registers and receivers of land offices must not receive filings upon odd sections of land granted railroads within the limits of the grants withdrawn for indemnity purposes.——Mrs. Eliza Young, the 19th wife of the late Brigham Young, was married at Lodi, O., to Mr. R. Denning, of Manistee, Mich. The lady had become generally known as a lecturer.——Judge Tuley, of the Chicago Circuit Court, has declared in favor of the bucket-shops in their contest with the Board of Trade and the telegraph companies.——Delaware has increased her Governor's salary to $2,500. At this rate per square mile the Governor of Texas would have $3,240,000.——Mr. Mulhall, of the Royal Society of London, estimates the value of all the property in the United States at $52,000,000,000. This he states to be more than $9,000,000,000 in excess of the aggregate wealth of Great Britain.——The balance of trade has been more in favor of the United States during the current fiscal year than it was in 1882.——A storm in the Black Hills nearly destroyed several mining towns and caused $600,000 loss. Several lives were lost——The official figures show that over 300,000 men who wore the blue during the war, and lost their lives in defense of the Union, sleep in the National cemeteries, and are taken care of by the Government.——Sen. Edmunds' taxable personal estate in Burlington, Vt., his home, is rated at $75,000.——The Pennsylvania wool growers denounce the last Congress and Sen. Sherman for the failure to provide adequate protection to the wool growing interest. They will aid in the formation of a National Association to oppose all Congressmen who will not promise to assist in getting the industry protected.——The Wesleyans, of Great Britain, have sent a petition to Parliament for the closing of public houses on Sunday, on a roll of paper two and three-quarter miles long, containing 500,332 names.——It is asserted, on the best authority, that as soon as the present campaign against the Apaches is over Gen. Crook will

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Government on Wheels—The Bridge—A Virginia Poss—The Crop Reports—Fish—The President—Commissioner of Internal Revenue—Cox—Washington Monument—The Queen's Birthday.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1883.

The Administration, like Gen. Pope's headquarters, is in the saddle or on the railroad train. The President has gone to get a look at the Brooklyn bridge, and has taken with him Sec. Folger, Postmaster General Brosbam, Attorney General Brewster and Sec. Chandler, with their wives and daughters. Mr. Frelinghuysen, the Secretary of State, is at his home in New Jersey; Sec. Lincoln has gone to Lake Erie; and Sec. Teller is visiting the Indian schools at Carlisle, Pa. But the Clerks, the heads of Divisions, and the heads of Bureaus are doing the Government to the best of their ability, and there is no immediate danger that the wheels will stop.

It is too bad that the bridge should be opened on the Queen's birthday. Clearly she ought to have been born on some other day. And then there is the crowning of the Autocrat of all the Russias. How could the Czar presume so much as to be coronated on the same day that the Queen of England was born and the great Brooklyn bridge was opened to the public? But everything seems to go amiss. There are floods over flowing the land, great fires in the mountains, fierce cyclones uprooting trees and tearing down houses, and untimely frosts; but to cap the climax, it has been discovered that this great bridge, which the President and his Cabinet have gone to see, was built, not to facilitate communication between Brooklyn and New York, but to honor "Her Majesty" the Queen of Great Britain.

An amusing instance of a political boss going into the reform business has turned up in Virginia. Mr. Dusendorf, formerly a Republican member of Congress from the Norfolk District, butted his head against the Mahone movement and went down. Since then he has been a Straight Republican, with the whole Bourbon party to back him. Just now he is running for some local office, and, getting no support from the Norfolk Navy Yard, he has busied himself in writing letters to the President, Sec. Folger, Sec. Chandler, etc., in which he makes charges against Mahone that he is assessing Government officers contrary to the Civil Service rules, and that every theory about the Norfolk yard is very corrupt and needs looking after. Chandler wrote to him, thanking him for his vigilance and inviting his aid in exposing wrong doing on the ground that he had been familiar with the Navy Yard for many years, and must know a good deal about it. Chandler probably "drew his bow at a venture," but he hit the mark. Yesterday John H. Burroughs, a foreman in the Norfolk Yard, who was appointed by Dusendorf when he was in Congress, and required to levy on his men one day's work for political purposes, appears in print and tells what a boss Dusendorf was. Burroughs refused to make the levy and was removed from his position in consequence. He publishes one of Dusendorf's receipts to show how accurately he managed the business of making political assessments and what a thoroughgoing assessor he was. Of course, Dusendorf is now a roaring Reformer. "He knows how it is himself."

The monthly crop reports of the Agricultural Bureau have been in unusual demand this year, and the greatest eagerness has been manifested to get the information in advance of the publication. Probably some speculations in grain are on foot, and the rings want to know beforehand what is the prospect for the crop. But, whatever the motive, the effect has been to turn public attention to these reports and to show their value to the country.

Another valuable interest managed by the Government is the Fish Commission. It has already stocked a good many of our rivers with new supplies of fish and new kinds of fish and continues to push forward its labors with the best results. Very complete arrangements for the work of hatching are now in operation, and also for sending out the young fish. Only a few days ago a million and a half of young shad were taken up the James River and let loose in its waters in the presence of a swarm of newspaper reporters, who have sent the particulars abroad. If it be true that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor, he must be a still greater benefactor who makes a hundred food fishes grow where none grew before.

You may notice that some jealous politician sounds an alarm in reference to the ambitious designs of Pres. Arthur and tells how he intends to unite the party in New York, and secure his nomination for a second term. This is not in accordance with the impressions current at the Capital. The understanding here is that the President is weary of his high position and does not desire to extend its term for a single day; that his health is not good; that the weight of his responsibilities and the necessities of his public life are bearing him down and he only desires honorably and usefully to complete his present term and then to retire and recuperate his wasted energies. Just now, certainly, there are no indications that the President will be in anybody's way at the next Republican Convention.

While the appointment of Mr. Evans to the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue took the country by surprise, it seems to be very satisfactory to the Republicans of Kentucky who made him Chairman of their State Convention, and gave the warmest and most cordial endorsement that had ever been accorded to it. Kentucky, according to Watterson, is taking the lead in National politics. He had reference to Democratic politics, but perhaps it is equally true of Republican politics. But the Democrats did one thing which is worthy of public attention and shows that the war is about over. The two principal candidates for Lieutenant-Governor were a Confederate soldier and a Union soldier. Their strength was pretty nearly equal before the Convention, but the Union soldier came out ahead, and was nominated.

Rep. Cox, who started business in Ohio, but removed to New York to improve his circumstances, is looming up as a candidate for Speaker, and it is said that he stands the best chance of uniting opposition to Randall of any of the candidates. He evidently means to hold on, for he has just bought a handsome and commodious dwelling not far from the Stewart mansion, which cost him $30,000. It is near the residence of ex Speaker Blaine.

The Washington Monument yesterday brought its hight up to 350 feet. There are but few buildings in the world so high as that; but if the monument is completed according to program, it will be the highest building ever erected by man.

The Queen's birthday was celebrated by a dinner at the mansion of the British Minister, and Chief Justice Waite, who was contributed to the Nation by Toledo, had the temerity then and there to drink the health of that royal personage.

We have had some pretty tough weather here for the past week, but it didn't snow. However, we required fires to make us comfortable. BUCKEYE.

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York's Three Great Civic Celebrations—Completion of the Erie Canal—Introduction of Croton Water—Opening of the Great Bridge—What Will be Its Effect—Vast Crowds of Foot Passengers—Only One Fatal Accident—Decoration Day—Various Items.

Correspondence of the Blade.

NEW YORK, May 26.

New York has had but three great celebrations in which war and politics had no share. The first was in 1825, on the completion of the Erie Canal; the second in 1842, on the introduction of the Croton water, and the third on the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, which took place day before yesterday. Of these the most important was the first, and it was one of the greatest, considering the size of the City. We had then but 123,000 inhabitants. The people were slow and sleepy. The Town hardly reached above Grand street. There were steamboats, but neither ocean steamers nor railroads. The canal, created by the genius and energy of DeWitt Clinton, gave the City a wonderful impetus, and is yet one of its most important feeders. The celebration was unique and imposing.

The first canal boat from Buffalo brought a distinguished party of citizens, including Gov. Clinton. Its progress was marked all through the State by the firing of signal guns, and when it reached New York the City went wild with joy. The grand climax of the ceremonies was when the vessel reached Sandy Hook and Gov. Clinton poured into the sea a keg of the water of Lake Erie, proclaiming union between the lakes and the ocean. The festivities in the City were on a scale never before dreamed of.

Our next important start was in the way of railroads, and the Harlem, the Erie, the Hudson River, and the Camden & Amboy began to bring people and trade to New York. The City was rapidly pushing up the island, and a supply of wholesome water became indispensible. So the Croton Aqueduct was erected and its completion celebrated in 1842 with a procession seven miles long, with the opening of the park fountain, with orations, music and all manner of rejoicing. We had then about 325,000 inhabitants, and the settled City had grown up as far as Madison Square. The coming of the croton gave an impetus to uptown settlement, and the City began to reach out toward Harlem River.

Then came street railroads, the telegraph, the Central Park, and then came the war, which put us back a trifle, as did the financial smash of 1875. But just about here, say 1879, came the elevated railroads, and their influence has been simply marvelous. Our City is all length and no width. The financial and business section is in that part below Canal street, or perhaps below the City Hall. The homes of business men are up town, around and above Sixtieth street. In the four years preceding the elevated roads the valuation of property for assessment by the Tax Commissioners in the lower or business district showed an increase of only $125,898. In the same district for the four years following the building of the elevated roads the increase in valuation of real estate was $17,221,782. So much for giving men a chance to get to and from business with rapidity. The upper district, where these men live, shows even more surprising results. It takes only the portion of the island above Fortieth street. In the four years previous to elevated roads the increase in the value of real estate was $12,014,68. In the four following years the increase was $86,012,925—almost 100 millions! Of course there would have been considerable increase without those roads, but not one quarter of what it has been. Taking the entire City, I find that in the four years before the opening of the roads the net increase in the taxable value of real estate was $21,393,680; in 10 of the 24 wards there being a decrease. In the four years following the opening of the roads the increase for the whole City was $158,348,616, with a decrease only in one ward. It is fair to presume that more than one-half this increase is due to the elevated roads.

THE BRIDGE.

You have heard all about our last jamboree—the bridge opening. I advise all your readers who come to New York to walk over this wonderful structure, adding no further description than that it puts them high above the roofs of both Cities, and gives a view of enormous extent and absorbing interest. It is not often that one gets a chance to look down upon the homes of twice as many people as there are in the State of Ohio, but he can do so here. He can see a large portion of Long Island, the ocean for miles, half the State of New Jersey, New York City and the country for 20 miles up the Hudson, with glimpses of Connecticut. The foot-path across the bridge is a mile and a third in length; it is in the center, so raised that the cars and coaches passing on either side do not interfere with the view. If your reader is not satisfied with this elevation let him try one of the towers from which he can see far enough to watch the inauguration of Uncle Sammy Tilden as President of the United States.

I think the bridge will give further impetus to our wonderful growth—not in population, but in business—cannot be doubted. It is also to be welcomed for affording a most delightful promenade in hot Summer days or evenings, to say nothing of a moonlight retreat for lovers. Yesterday and to-day the crowds of foot passengers were enormous, and so will be for weeks to come, for the novelty of the thing begins to wear off. It is worth seeing, too, as the largest suspension bridge in the world, and the highest triumph of modern science in its way.

It is ascertained this morning that from 175,000 to 230,000 persons crossed the bridge yesterday. Day and night the jam was unceasing. More than 10,000 vehicles went across, embracing every kind, from a butcher's cart to the most magnificent private carriage. The money received for tolls was about $3,500. The New York elevated railroads carried yesterday 380,410 passengers, which is 90,000 more than ever before carried in a single day. The surface roads also had an immense increase of custom. And yet perhaps the most surprising fact of all is the wonderful absence of accidents. In a movement so immense and so crushing we naturally expect that many disasters will occur. But in both the opening day and yesterday only one person was fatally injured, and he fell from the roof of his own house, while looking at the fireworks. There were only nine accidents in both cities of any consequence, and not one person was drowned, although the river was alive with moving boats. In the matter of fires only three alarms were given yesterday, and in no case did the damage exceed $25. I think the people of Brooklyn and New York have abundant reason to congratulate themselves upon such results on an occasion when many disasters might have been expected.

DECORATION DAY.

Extensive preparations are in progress for the annual remembrance of the heroes of the late war, and though it comes only six days after "Bridge day" it will be extensively observed. The President will remain here until after the decoration ceremonies are over.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

On Thursday it was so cold that thousands of men wore or carried overcoats, but it was the last of a long series of cold days. Yesterday Old Sol came to the front, and the overcoat gave place to the sun umbrella.

The tide begins to turn toward the near watering places, and Coney Island, Rockaway and Long Branch are wide awake.

Our bright newspaper, the *Morning Journal*, is gaining in circulation, and the proprietors are so sure of great success that they have ordered two fast perfecting presses, each capable of throwing off 48,000 sheets in an hour. The *Journal's* present circulation is over 50,000. ZENO.

TENNESSEE.

A Cordial Invitation to Home-seekers.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

WALDEN'S RIDGE, Tenn., May 18, 1883

Since writing my last for the BLADE I have received scores of letters asking all sorts of questions, many of which I answered in the BLADE of November 22, and to which I refer such askers, as my time for writing is limited; for after building, farming, and introducing strangers to land owners, I have scarcely time to eat and sleep. Since my last letter in the BLADE, Mr. Marshall, of Wisconsin, has arrived with his family. Another gentleman from Wisconsin has bought a farm here, and his family will be here soon. A family of several persons from Colorado came 2,100 miles and settled here. Two gentlemen from Cleveland, O., have bought a farm here and will locate this Fall.

A family from Flushing, L. I., has settled here. Mr. Steese, of Akron, is awaiting the completion of a good road to the Village, on which a large force of men are at work, after which he will "put up" his steam sawmill, and then we can get lumber with which to build homes, for which there is quite a demand. Our teacher from Ohio has arrived and will commence a term of Summer school in a few weeks, in the old school house. We intend to erect a new one for the Winter term. Thus you see we are having a "boom" on the part of Walden's Ridge.

I almost forgot to say that two young couples from Morgan County, Ind., have settled here as neighbors to try and "grow up with the country."

The weather has been cool for the season and vegetation is somewhat backward, yet stock is doing well. We have no late frosts, and will have a fair fruit crop. The blackberry and huckleberry crop promises to be an immense one. The woods are adorned with wild flowers in endless variety of beauty, perfectly grand and indescribable.

I will now endeavor to answer a few of the many questions asked of me. (A gentleman from Iowa has just arrived and I must show him around.)

As to prices of stock, etc. Furniture of all kinds is about the same price in Chattanooga as in Ohio or other Northern States; horses, from $50 to $150; cows, from $25 to $35; hogs, reasonable; hams and shoulders, from 12 to 18 cents per pound. As to grains, grasses, fruit, climate, etc., about which so many write, I refer them to the BLADE of March 22, and if they don't take it, subscribe at once, for we think it is the best paper for general news in the world. Every one who has come here from the North, is surprised and delighted with the water. There are also mineral springs which contain curative properties. There is no government land here. The Ridge is timbered; no prairies; wild animals are not numerous. Rattlesnakes and copperheads are found in places not frequented by hogs and other stock.

There is no public house at present on the Ridge where boarding can be had, and what arrangements can be made for boarding with those who will locate I can not say. Lodgings are scarce and will be until our saw-mill gets to work. Carpenters will be in demand in a few months and doubtless can get work all the time at good wages. Thus far we have been entertaining all who have come and will continue to do so as best we can.

To all inquirers I say, while our soil will not produce as much as river bottoms, there has been no effort made to enrich the land, the farming has been of the poorest kind, with implements the most primitive, scarcely any labor expended and a general carelessness manifested in experimenting with grasses, etc., but for fine climate, excellent water, fruits of all kinds, we have no superior, and those who have come here admit these facts. We will soon have a pleasant colony of Northern citizens, who will develop the agricultural interests of this country, for it is plain that while the natives are a hospitable people and gladly welcome us, for most of those up here "wore the blue" and suffered untold hardships and endured great privations on account of their loyalty, for which "God bless them;" yet they have done little to develop this country, for which Nature did so much.

Persons who intend to settle will do well to see for themselves and not be misled by the misrepresentations of persons who are personally interested in the sale of lands elsewhere, and who try to discourage those who speak of coming here. All we ask you to do is to come and see for yourself.

B. O EVERETT.

MISSOURI.

An Account of "The Garden Spot."

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

WARRENSBURG, Johnson Co., May 17.

As so much has been said about Illinois and Kansas, I have thought that perhaps the many readers of the BLADE would like a change, so I have concluded to say something about Missouri in general, and Johnson County in particular, and as I have lived here continuously for over 15 years, I think I ought to know something about it.

Johnson County is situated in the western part of Central Missouri, on the line of the Missouri Pacific Railway, 218 miles west of St. Louis, and 65 miles east of Kansas City, and is situated in the very heart of that section of the State bordering upon the Kansas line, and immediately south of the Missouri River, known as "the garden spot of Missouri." The growth, true prosperity and greatness of a country depends largely upon its soil, climate, natural resources and the character and enterprise of its inhabitants. In all these Johnson County can justly claim superiority. Situated as it is, between the 38th and 39th parallels of latitude, the climate is equable and salubrious; not being subject to the extremes of temperature known in Iowa or Texas. It contains no swamp lands, and is sufficiently elevated to be exempt from malaria. There is no healthier section of country in the United States. The soil is deep, rich, wonderfully productive, and nearly all susceptible of cultivation. The County, as a whole, is well improved. Many Johnson County farmers live in houses which would be a credit to older and wealthier States. Churches and school houses are abundant, and the buildings are substantial, and in many instances, even elegant. The Southern Missouri State Normal School is located at Warrensburg, the County Seat of Johnson County, which contains 5,000 inhabitants. This building was erected in 1871-2 at a cost of $300,000, and is one of the most imposing and spacious school buildings in the United States. The fact that this school was located at Warrensburg through the efforts of the public-spirited citizens of that city and surrounding country, efficiently attests the generosity, intelligence and enterprise of our people. The principal agricultural staples are wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, flax, hemp and tobacco. These staples, produced so profusely in any part of the "garden spot," find their natural home in Johnson County. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" here finds illustration. The most abundant gifts of nature to the intelligent labors of the industrious husbandmen and her "lavish fruits" spring spontaneous from the earth. The average yield of corn is about 50 bushels per acre; wheat, 20 bushels, and oats 45 bushels, while other crops yield quite as abundantly. A ready market for all the products of the farm is always found at home. Perhaps no County in Missouri is better adapted by nature for stock-raising than Johnson. Well watered, with plenty of timber land adapted to grasses and pasturage, no section of the country offers stronger inducements to those desiring to engage in this profitable business. The genial climate of Missouri renders the State the fruit-grower's paradise. All kinds of fruits and berries reach their perfect development here. The far-famed orchards of Delaware do not yield a richer fruitage than do the orchards of Johnson County. Apples, peaches, pears, plums and apricots with a reasonable amount of attention, here reached their native perfection. Grapes are cultivated with most gratifying results, both as to the yield and the quality of the fruit. Strawberries, blackberries, gooseberries, and raspberries yield abundantly. Coal is found in inexhaustible quantities and of superior quality here, making fuel cheap. The population of Johnson County, as shown by the recent census, is nearly 20,000, and contains more than 800 square miles of territory.

In conclusion, I will say that if any of your many readers desire any further information about this part of Missouri, I will answer any questions sent me, accompanied with a stamp. R. J. JAY,

Warrensburg,

(Box 112) Johnson County, Mo.

DEVELOPMENT.

How Montana Looms Up.

SUN RIVER, Montana, May 15, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In each issue of your paper I notice letters from different States and Territories, but as yet have not seen anyone rise and say a word for Montana; so I am going to try and do so.

Montana, as its name denotes, is a land of mountains, rugged, abrupt and continuous, whose summits are crowned with forests of spruce and pine, and whose slopes yield luxuriant growths of bunch and buffalo grass. In the dales and valleys that lie between these mountains are the homes of the stockman and the farmer, whose plow turns over the fruitful soil, and whose cattle and sheep grow sleek and fat on the grassy hills surrounding. Now and then, in looking down into one of these valleys, you will see a village nestling in its depth, shaded by the umbrageous cottonwood, and rippling through it like a silver thread, a little stream. Perhaps a huge quartz mill is there, and a long train of ore wagons is seen wending its tortuous way down the mountain side. There are hundreds of such spots in this Territory.

Cattle raising is one of our chief industries. Thousands of head range over our green hills. They need no feed in Winter except the sun-cured grass of the hillside, and all their owner has to do is to round them up in the Spring and Fall, brand his calves and cut out his beefsteaks for market, and then they rustle for themselves.

Sheep raising is another business extensively engaged in here.

They require more care than cattle. A herder is kept with every band Summer and Winter. They are handled in bands of about 2,500. At this season of the year (lambing season) they require a great deal of attention, and are split up into smaller bands until shearing time.

This year owners are raising 100 per cent. of lambs.

Horse raising is rapidly becoming a popular business, and much good blood has been imported from Kentucky and other States. Like cattle and sheep, horses thrive during the Winter months on the sun-cured grass of the valleys and bench-lands. Farming is not in this industry here, but there is no land that will produce more than this, and all who have given it their attention are doing well.

Dairying pays extremely well, as it costs nothing to keep cows, and butter averages 50c. per lb.

Poultry raising also pays, eggs being never worth less than 30c., and frequently as nigh as $1 per dozen.

Mining occupies the time and energies of many of our people, and almost every hill and mountain bears the mark of the prospector's pick.

Our climate is the very best in the world, no sickness, no extreme heat, and only now and then a day or two of very cold weather. People coming here from the East who are consumptive derive great benefit from our salubrious atmosphere. We always have to kill some one here to start a graveyard.

There are thousands of farms in our valleys waiting for some one to come and make a home of them, and the people are coming with each year, so that at no distant day the *State* of Montana will have no unoccupied land. There are no land monopolies here, as in California.

Wages are good. Mechanics receive from $3.50 to $4 per day; farm laborers from $35 to $50 (with board) per month; cowboys from $50 to $75 (with board) per month; miners, $3 to $3.50 per day; school teachers from $60 to $100 (without board.) Men on sheep ranches get from $35 to $50 per month, with board; teamsters from $40 to $50 per month, with board. Montana has a future assured, you will see. DAVID BYRON.

The Liquor Laws.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Well, my friends, how does it strike you? I think it is an imposition on the poor and a law that is made in the interest of the wealthy whisky dealers. There is no use of a tax of $300 on the liquor traffic. I am in favor of no tax, but as a substitute let men that handle liquors be sober men who can show up good moral character; men who can at least tell when a man is drunk and has enough. Taxation should be uniform and equal. We have quite too much legislation in the interest of the wealthy. It is time that the people should see it. We don't need any Scott or Pond law but only a little more good common sense. Send men to the Legislature who have more brains and use less whisky.

Hannaville, O., May 6. OTTO ROSER.

CHAUTAUQUA.

Preparations for the Summer.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., May 25.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The season of '83 will open July 14. The opening address will be delivered by Rev. C. H. Payne, President of the Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio. A long list of noted Divines are booked for the course and it is confidently anticipated that the season will surpass any of its predecessors. Chautauqua is a synonym for everything esthetic and intellectual. The C. L. L. is known far and wide and comprises students of all grades of society. Many farmers' wives and daughters pursue the course with benefit and pleasure.

Four days rain, a steady downpour, accompanied with a cold northeast wind make farmers look blue; a poor outlook for crops. Wheat is nearly all Winter-killed; oats will be nearly all washed out, and for a week to come the ground will be too wet to plow. The streams are booming banks full, and the bottom lands, or as they call them here, the "flats," are submerged. But this morning the sun rose in unclouded splendor, and all nature smiles. Grass grows rapidly, and the farmer knows if he has hay enough to winter his "koows" he will be all right.

But what is this story the wires bring us of the old Buckeye State. Snow in the last week of May! Here I have been boasting for the last five years how when I left Toledo, the 25th of April, everything was lovely, every tree and shrub in full bloom or foliage. The lawns were green with grass and bright with flowers, and drawing the contrast between there and here, with the forest trees lifting naked arms to the sky, as if praying for a little more sunshine to let loose the life blood imprisoned in their trunks, the ground bare and sere, and fruit trees guiltless of bloom.

Did you ever see a stump fence? Twenty years I traveled up and down North, South and West, but I had to come East before I beheld a stump fence. Well, if it is not a "thing of beaty" it is "a joy forever," for one generation nor two shall see the last of it, and if it serves not to adorn a moral, as the landscape, it keeps out (or in rather, as stock are not allowed on the highway), and has the further advantage of cheapness, as the stumps must be got out of the way of cultivation. Surely if the settlement of the continent could have begun at the other end, we never should have seen this part farmed. Think of reclaiming the land from a dense, unbroken forest, at a time, too, when the timber was of no market value, while all the fertile plains of the West lay waiting only for the sod to be turned over.

It is calculated here that it is one man's life work to clear a farm. When he is 50 years of age he is old and broken down in health; at 60, when he should be in his prime and ready to enjoy the fruits of his labors, his shoulders are bowed as with the weight of four score years, and the grasshopper is a burden.

One of the primitive customs of the rural districts here is the tolling of the "passing bell," and I have often noticed that it generally tolls either for the young or old, under 40 or over 80. Unless you have heard that bell you can have no idea of the solemnity of it. Early in the morning, at your usual avocations, you hear the sudden sharp sound of the Church bell cleaving the air and reaching far out on the surrounding hills. Hark! the bell! Some one is dead, and you think who is ill? Who can it be? Count the strokes, one for a man, two for a woman, and men, one, two, three slow, solemn strokes, 16, 20, 30 perhaps. Some young girl in the flower of her youth! Some young man just stepping forth into the world's arena; more likely some young wife and mother leaving her babes to the tender mercies of the world. They marry young in this place, and they die young or very old.

THE SOUTH.

The Way Mississippi is Endowed with Advantages.

DEERBROOK, Miss., May 12, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Some years ago—about 1875—I had the pleasure of entertaining one of your correspondents at McComb City, Miss. This place was an outgrowth of Northern enterprise, and I had *carte blanche* by my employers to make it pleasant to all newspaper men.

At that time the truths to be told fell coldly on the public ear. The time was not ripe for their appreciation by Northern readers. Now, how changed! Northern money by tens of millions is awakening the South from the paralysis of war and the lethargy of old habits. Railroads by the score—there are 22 in this State now under way—cotton factories, many industries in iron and wood are built and building. Capitalists, farmers and artisans are flocking South. It is a happy change.

I observe, with great pleasure, that this State is beginning to command her share in the new conditions. She has been exceptionally and unreasonably neglected. There is no good reason why Mississippi should not have shared with Georgia, Virginia, Texas, Florida and Arkansas some aspects of their progress. But no matter, it is coming.

Being a Northern man, and having spent 10 years in attempts at the development of Mississippi, I have felt deep regrets and no little impatience in seeing her almost totally neglected by Northern men. But time is working compensations. Your farmers are coming at last, and I wish to say a few words to them through your columns. For many reasons I wish them to succeed, and they may fail. They should all go where there are railroad facilities, church and school privileges. They should buy the best lands. They should purchase lands which will at once return good results. They ought to look out for good grass lands. Health is of the most vital moment. Freedom from insect pests is a worthy consideration. In view of these and other considerations, I beg most particularly to commend the prairie lands of East Mississippi. I am comparatively indifferent where they settle so they come here. These lands can now be had at from $10 to $15 per acre. Your good farmers will make them produce from 40 to 60 bushels of corn, as many of oats, and one-half to a bale of cotton per acre. You can quickly increase these results by using clover, cow peas, etc. No finer grass lands can be found. Clover is simply wonderful. The climate is hot but mitigated by cool nights and breezy days; rainfall is heavy and crops always certain, with good culture. The drawbacks are, muddy Winters, bad roads, general lack of fencing, and general indifference of improvements. Vegetables can be had the year round. Stock need little or no feed, great variety and value of products, proximity to markets. M. B. HILLYARD.

BISMARCK

And the Country Thereof.

CLARKE FARM, D. T., May 18, 1883.

To the Editor of the Blade:

The extent of Bismarck's surrounding community, will be comprehended when the reader is informed that it covers a greater territory than the State of New York, embracing as it does over 50,000 square miles, while the State of New York has but 47,000. The country is well watered and timber abounds along the heads of the Missouri, Knife, Cannon Ball and Little Missouri Rivers. It is decidedly rolling though not mountainous in all parts. The bottom lands along the Missouri are generally from ½ to 12 miles wide, and here the timber abounds. The table lands, however, are the best for grazing and grain. The bottom lands along the Missouri are formed by the river deposits, making magnificent hay meadows, while the uplands have a soil rich in all the elements that make wheat, flax, corn and grass. The soil is an accumulation of vegetable and mineral matter from 18 inches to five feet deep, every foot of which is richer in the elements of fertility, which makes farming successful, and therefore more profitable than the best lands in New England. The crops grown are varied and comprise everything produced in a temperate climate; wheat, oats, barley and flax, however, succeed the best. There is no rain in the Fall, none in Winter, and but little during the time these are ripening, nor is there much snow during the early Winter. The markets of this region are superior to those of Illinois, Iowa, or Missouri.

Wheat often reaches 64 pounds to the bushel, and oats 40 pounds. Corn is also grown successfully and frequently 50 bushels per acre on sod, planted in the furrow and plowed under at the time of the first breaking of the prairie, are raised. Better vegetables were never raised in any country. Potatos frequently weigh 2½ pounds; cabbage, 10 to 15 pounds; turnips 18, and parsnips 2½ feet in length. Cattle feed and grow fat on the prairie bunch grass during the entire winter. Provisions for fodder and shelter are always made. Horses and mules live in the same manner.

I have no doubt but that some of my old time friends will read this, and if so and they desire any further information, by writing to me and sending stamp, I will gladly carry through this valuable paper or by private letter. One year ago I had nothing; now I have a nice farm of 160 acres and am making money. So if you intend to come West and secure a home for a small outlay of cash or labor, come to Bismark for she is the Banner City of the West.

ELOIS WOOD.

Clark Farm, D. T.

JOPLIN, Mo.—Dr. J. B. Morgan says: "I find that Brown's Iron Bitters gives entire satisfaction to all who use it."

OHIO.

How Jackson County is Developing.

WELLSTON, May 14, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Seeing so many letters in your columns from different parts of the country, but none from this, I will endeavor to give to your many readers a few items from this new but business like town. In the latter part of the year 1872 a company was formed, and a shaft sunk for coal on the present site of Wellston. The coal was found at a depth of 80 feet, in paying thickness for mining. Several car loads were taken out and shipped to Jackson and thoroughly tested in the Orange Furnace where they gave the best of satisfaction. Accordingly, a charter was obtained and the Milton Furnace and Coal Company organized, and in 1874 the furnace was put in blast and it proved entirely successful. In 1879 a flag station was established at this place on the Portsmouth branch of the M. & C.

So much for the beginning of a town which to-day rivals its neighbors in the amount of business done. To-day there are three furnaces in its immediate vicinity, several miles from which coal is being shipped over three railroads, viz: C., W. & B., Dayton & Southern and Ohio Southern. Thus you can plainly see that we have the very best facilities for shipping coal and iron to the best markets in the country, and that we have direct communication with the East, West, North and South. Our own capitalists are beginning to see that ere long manufactories will be opened up here, which, if they do not take steps to secure them, will be grasped by other moneyed men seeking a place for investment. Already a movement is on foot which will rob our neighboring town of its foundry which will be moved to our place not because we are inclined to be hoggish at all, but if they have not the energy to keep it, we have the will-power and cash to take it from them. We have the coal right here in abundance, and the very best quality; and it takes coal to run furnaces, and foundries, and machine-shops. There are hundreds of acres of coal lands, lying within easy reach of the railroad, that can be bought now from $30 to $80 per acre; but before 10 years shall have rolled around the price will be doubled.

Our school employs six teachers, and is admirably conducted. We have school eight months every year. We have churches where all may worship unmolested. We will soon have a new hall, where people can be entertained, if they have the money.

WELLSTO MAN.

MINNESOTA.

The Attractions of Blue Earth Valley.

MINNESOTA LAKE, Minn., May 14, 1883.

To the Editor of the Blade:

While we in Southern Minnesota—the Blue Earth Valley—do not consider we have a paradise by any means, we consider it the equal of any and the superior of many sections, either east or south of us. Land cannot be bought for a song here, for it has too much of an intrinsic value to be got for little or nothing. We invite men of some means and a good deal of energy. We have no tramps, and don't want any. To men wishing to move to a partially new country, where the soil is of the very best; where the climate is extremely healthy; to a State that stands second in the Union, in the cause of Education; where you can be the equal of any one else in conducting this system of education; where you can worship in those churches that are built, and assist in building more; where you can raise all kinds of grain and grasses; and where you can buy land from $5 to $25 per acre, then come to Southern Minnesota. As to society, some correspondents in writing up their section say "society is good." That, to me, is a vague and indefinite statement. It depends a good deal on what kind of society you want whether you consider it good or not. If by good society you mean a community where the inhabitants are peaceful, orderly and law-abiding; where you can worship according to the dictates of your own conscience, or not worship at all just as you please, and where you can deposit in the ballot-box the ticket which seemeth to you best, then we have good society. If you be a Republican and wish to affiliate with those of your own political views, then come to the only State in the Union that at last Fall's election showed a solid Republican front. If this is the kind of home you are seeking, we will gladly welcome you to the Blue Earth Valley. GOPHER.

Minnesota Lake, Minn.

Pensions.

To the Editor of the Blade:

GALLATIN, Mo., May 14.

In every issue of your valuable paper we see cries from every State in this union asking for an increase of pensions and an equalization of bounties. I believe Union soldiers should have a pension, and every disabled soldier should have an additional pension, according to the nature of his disability, and I also believe there should be an equalization of bounties, as there were soldiers who got $400 who did not soldier six months, while hundreds of thousands of soldiers that stood the brunt of the battle, that were the bone and sinew of the army, only got $100 bounty. This is wrong and unjust.

I was a member of Co. K, 74th Reg't, Indiana Volunteers, and went out in 1862, was captured at Monfordsville, Ky.; was a paroled prisoner, but was soon exchanged; was with Rosecrans to Chattanooga, was also under Grant around Chattanooga, was with Sherman through all his campaign until Johnson surrendered to him, and was finally discharged at Washington in 1865. I was never sick while in the service, and though always to the front, was only slightly wounded. I was never in a hospital except to see my sick comrades. I only got $100 bounty, and could not get a pension though I am physically played out (and I know it is from exposure while in the service) and have an honorable discharge.

AN EX-UNION SOLDIER,

(Who served his country faithfully.)

The Lone Star.

GARVIN, Wise Co., Tex., May 12.

In reading your valuable paper I see letters from different States and Territories, but haven't seen anything from this part of Texas as yet. I am a native of Tennessee, and came to Texas last Fall, and thought perhaps some one would like to know something about this part of the world.

This is a well-timbered country. We have post-oak, black-jack, elm, cottonwood and various other kinds. The soil is (in the timber) black and sandy, and is very pleasant to cultivate. It produces fine crops of wheat, corn and cotton. All kinds of vegetables are produced. Fruit trees are of a thrifty growth. We have plenty of good water, both for stock and domestic use. We have good society, good schools, good railroad and good marketing facilities, with a healthy climate.

Crops are looking fine now. If any one wishes any more from these parts I will give it. AN OLD BLADE READER.

The G. A. R.

DELPHOS, O., May 19, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In the BLADE of the 10th inst., F. M. D. asks: "Has a Grand Army Post a right to receive and muster in a Regular Army man who has an honorable discharge." I cannot conceive why any man who has ever read the rules and regulations of the G. A. R. should ask such a question, nor why you should answer the same unqualifiedly in the affirmative. Chap. I, Art. 4, "Rules and Regulations," distinctly says that to be entitled to membership a man must have served in the war for the suppression of the rebellion between April 12, 1861, and April 9, 1865. No matter if a man has served in the Regular Army all his life and has an honorable discharge, it does not entitle him to membership in the G. A. R. unless he served during the time above mentioned. If this is not correct, please state why, and also where you find anything in the rules and regulations of said society, authorizing your answer in the above case. R. M.

California.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

SIDNEY, O., May 15.

Would some "Forty-niner" have the kindness to write an account of the earlier methods of gold-mining for the BLADE? I mean such as pocket-mining, fluming, cradling, tomming, etc., especially the first. A. T. ROBERTS.

Arkansas.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

VERMILLION, Ks., May 10.

Will some reader of the BLADE living in Arkansas furnish a description of the State for the Correspondent's column? Something about prices of land, fuel, provisions, cattle, etc. A SUBSCRIBER.

A Wisconsin Fish Story.

CHICAGO, May 25.—The Inter-Ocean's Beloit, Wis., correspondent says that during a fierce wind and rain storm to-day a number of live fish, one of them weighing a pound, were dropped in the business streets, and hailstones, the largest four inches in circumference, fell. Many windows were broken.

Rheumatism, disordered blood, general debility, and many chronic diseases pronounced incurable, are often cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

THE BLACK FLAG

Again Hoisted Over Kilmainham Jail—Michael Fagen Removed.

DUBLIN, May 28.—Michael Fagen, convicted of the murder of Burke, was hanged in Kilmainham Jail this morning.

Fagen, since receiving his sentence, has been very attentive to the instructions of the priests who visited him. In an interview recently with relatives he declared he had not hurt a hair of Burke's head. His mother, confident of the innocence of her son, wrote the Queen repeating this declaration, but the letter was not answered.

Canon Kennedy attended the condemned man this morning. The black flag, announcing the execution had taken place, was hoisted over the jail at 8 o'clock. A strong force of police and military were present. Everything went off quietly. A small crowd of persons collected outside the prison, a few of whom knelt in prayer for the repose of the soul of Fagen. The condemned man was pale, but appeared resigned to his fate. His death was instantaneous.

CROOK'S CAMPAIGN.

Reports of an Engagement, in Which 30 Indians Were Killed.

TOMBSTONE, Ariz., May 25.—Dr. R. H. Peterson, a reliable man, has reached here from Rancho don Juan Elias, Sonora, and reports the arrival of a Mexican courier at the ranche yesterday from the direction of the headquarters of the Mexican army of Oposma, with information that Gen. Crook had an engagement with a large body of Indians near Guaican, on the Sierra Madras, last week. Crook had sent forward a portion of San Carlos scouts, who were surprised by the hostiles and driven back. The main body under the General then advanced in force, driving the hostiles from their intrenched position and killing 30. The remainder then broke and fled. Gen. Crook immediately took their trail and started in pursuit.

Nitro Glycerine Factory Blown to Pieces—One Man Killed.

BAY CITY, May 25.—The nitro-glycerine factory of the Roberts Torpedo Company, near Oak Grove, five miles north of Bay City, on the shore of Saginaw Bay, was totally destroyed by a terrific explosion at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

Joseph Shamburg, of this City, recently of Titusville, Pa., was in the works and was blown to pieces, only fragments being found. He was the only person in the factory and the particulars are not known. He was getting a supply of glycerine to fill torpedoing salt wells. There was 500 pounds of glycerine in

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

XXVII.

THE HANDS.

Poets have sung the praises of a beautiful hand and lovers rave over the symmetry and grace of the lily white hand of the lady of their love. That beauty in this direction constitutes a strong attraction many women are conscious and consequently covet those that are shapely and white, while they study the art of keeping them so. Others again are careless, imagining it a matter of minor importance if their faces are smooth and fair, and comely. But they make a mistake for many a plain featured woman has held the destiny of men in her pretty, graceful hands that, rocke perhaps untruly, of refinement and all the virtues of true womanhood.

Hands are not all equally symmetrical to start with, and hard labor frequently distorts them, and banishes what of beauty there was in life's spring time. Much can be done, however, by a little care, to preserve their comeliness, and it is not beneath the dignity of any woman to take these precautions, nor is it a foolish waste of time or money.

One of the most important things to keep the skin of the hands from getting rough and coarse is to use good soap, and by good soap, I mean that which is made of the best material, and not refuse matter. No matter how nice it may *look*, if it is not pure, it will injure the skin. White castile is as good as any. It is not best to wash the hands too often, for that will make them red and coarse. I know a lady who had an exquisitely fair, smooth complexion—as fair as satin—but her hands looked, most of the time, as if parboiled. The reason was that she could not go near a washbowl without laving her hands, and as the water was usually cold, the result was the destruction of their beauty.

Do not at once jump at the conclusion that because you are obliged to wash dishes there is no use of trying to have good looking hands. Some of the prettiest I ever saw were upon a lady who had done her own work for years and no slight task it was. But she never put them into soft soap nor used it upon them in any way; she always dried her hands carefully after taking them out of the water, and if through with the dirty part of her work rubbed over them a preparation, the recipe for which I shall give you by and by, and she was careful not to suddenly change from cold to hot water, or from hot to cold, nor to expose them to the cold air without covering. When handling coal or ashes, building fires or doing rough work of any kind she was careful to have an old pair of gloves with the tips of the fingers cut off, to draw on easily, and this had become so much a matter of habit that it was done without thought. The consequence was her hands were the admiration of all who saw them, and there were frequent expressions of astonishment that she could preserve their beauty and do so much hard work. The great secret lay in the painstaking.

The preparation I spoke of is made as follows: Cubebs, 1 drachm; glycerine, 1½ ozs.; spirits of camphor, ½ oz.; ex. heliotrope, 1 drachm.

If the hands ever become rough, and sometimes they will, in spite of everything you may try to do, rub them over with this when you go to bed, and put on a loose pair of old kid gloves. I say loose, because if they cut or are in any way uncomfortable they will prevent your sleeping, which will prove an evil worse than that you are trying to cure.

There are other things which serve the same purpose as the preparation I have given, exceedingly well. Pure glycerine is good for some, while others cannot use it at all. A little time will serve to show its good or ill effects. A very good thing for both hands and face is a mixture made of one fluid ounce of tincture of gum benzoine, one-half ounce of glycerine, and seven ounces of rose water. Bathe the face, neck and hands with it, and let it dry on, then wash it off in the morning with a very little pure white castile soap and warm soft water. This preparation is given with other excellent ones in "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes."

It is very important that the hands be always washed in soft water. If you cannot obtain that, put a little powdered borax or a few drops of ammonia into what you use for washing and it will improve it vastly. A small quantity of soda will answer the same purpose. Oatmeal thrown into the water is a good thing to whiten or soften the hands. These little things are all so easy to do if you once acquire the habit.

Some of my readers would probably take the trouble to wear cosmetic gloves if they knew how to prepare them. Various recipes are given for this purpose, but one of the best is the following, also in "Old Dr. Carlin's" Beat the yolks of two eggs with two teaspoonfuls of oil of sweet almonds, and to this add a half ounce of rose water and 2 drs. of tincture of benzoin. Turn the gloves wrong side out and brush them over with the moisture. Wear the gloves at night. A pair prepared thus can be worn two weeks. I have never tried this, but those who have pronounce it good. The great trouble about such things is the disinclination to persevere until the good effects are seen. Of course, time is a necessary element to work a change from what has taken time to produce.

So far, I have said nothing about the nails, but they are a very important adjunct to the beauty of the hands. To say that they should *always* be kept clean is needless, for any one with a proper regard for personal neatness, will be sure to do this, and yet it is true that I have seen delicate, refined looking ladies and intelligent gentlemen sit down to the table with a black rim encircling the ends of the fingers. A shapely hand loses its attraction with such an accompaniment.

The nails should be pared frequently and evenly. They should be rounded almost to a point, and each one uniform with the rest. Be careful not to break them, for they have then a jagged, ugly look. With your little ivory cleaner, or the back of your pen-knife, shove the skin down from the lower part of the nail. Many ladies are careful to polish their nails, considering their bright appearance a great beauty. This can be done with a little piece of chamois skin and a nail powder, which can be bought at any druggists. These are little details, but so are many things in the toilet, which, together, are great aids in the preservation of beauty.

Fancy Work and House Decorations.

Table Cover.—Get a square of olive green Turkey satin and put a border around it made of a stripe of French cretonne such as comes for this and like purposes. Choose one that is very bright, with the figures standing out like velvet, such as you often see at the upholsterer's. Line the whole with olive green cambric, and if you like finish with a fringe, or a tassel at each corner, although it is very pretty without either. This makes a lovely cover and is not very expensive.

To Make Wax Fruit, Vegetables, etc.—The whole art consists in making the molds and casting the wax, as will be seen by the following: To make molds, take fine, dry plaster of Paris, which can be had at most paint stores; sprinkle it into cold water, stirring it the whole time until it is the consistency of a thin batter; now place the object to be cast, say a pear, egg or tomato, in a dish of fine sand, forcing the fruit half its thickness into the sand. Over this pour the plaster of Paris mixture. Let it stand half an hour, until it sets; then take it off and you have a half-mold. Proceed in like manner until you get the other half of the object to be molded. Then trim the edges clear of sand, and the two halves will fit each other. Thus molds of every description of fruit, vegetables and other objects may be made.

It is a good plan to make several molds of each kind, so if they get chipped or damaged you will have no difficulty or necessity to seek a new object to make a mold from. When the molds are required for use, soak them for a few minutes in hot water, then press upon a cloth to dry them (do not rub them). In the meantime have your wax melted at a low heat, for if your fire is very hot it will blacken the wax. Now about half fill one of the halves of your mold with the melted wax, place the other half over it, and grasping the two together swing it around in all directions, so that the wax may spread itself all over the inside of the mold, and in a few minutes it will cool, when the mold must be separated, and out will drop the object. There will be an edge at the joint, which must be pared off and then smoothed by rubbing over it a little spirits of turpentine.

Colors are mixed with the wax previous to molding.

For white use chalk or white lead; black, lamp black; green, chrome green or Paris green; yellow, chrome yellow; brown, raw or burnt umber. Any paint store can supply you with the necessary coloring ingredients, and by blending the colors together, the natural shades can be acquired. To finish them off so as to look precisely like a natural production, you may prick the object all over with the point of a needle, and touch it here and there with other shades, by uniting a little of the dry color with turpentine and varnish. Common yellow wax will answer where colors are mixed with it, but in fine, transparent fruit, such as grapes or cherries, white wax ought to be used. When a basket of fruit is made it ought to be set off with twigs and leaves, and the basket in which they are placed may be painted several times over with fine red sealing-wax dissolved in alcohol, which gives it the appearance of coral.

I hope some of the sisters will try this method and report. I will send directions for making wax flowers if any of the BLADE readers would like to learn.—MRS. CARMEAN, DeGraff, O.

Eolian Harp.—I send directions to "Subscriber" to make an Eolian harp: The first article necessary is a smoothly planed white pine board, about 6 inches wide and ⅜ an inch thick. The length must be governed by the width of window. The board should slip easily. Next you will require 2 bridges 7 inches long, 2 inches wide at one end and ⅜ an inch at the other, and ⅜ an inch thick. Divide the board into 11 or 12 equal parts, and place a tack at each division on the under side, at the ends. Next you will require some common spool silk. The first string should be composed of but 1 strand, the second of 2, the third of 3, and so on, the 12th having 12. Twist the strands of each string as they are put together, and tie. Tie the strings to the tacks, drawing them tight, slip your bridges between the board and strings, draw them gradually to the extremities of the board, and your harp is ready for use. To apply it to the window, let it rest upon the sill, half in and half out, keeping it level by placing small blocks or feet upon the under side. Draw the window down to within an inch of the top string, and secure it in that way by opening an opposite door or window.—APPLECORE.

Point Lace.—Cast on 15 stitches. First row—s 1—k 2—o and n 5 times—o—k 2. The 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th and 16th rows are knitted plain. The 3d, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th and 17th rows are the same as the 1st, increasing the number knit after s 1, by 1, each time. Eighteenth row—Cast off and knit plain. This is a very pretty lace. I have a nice necktie pattern that I will send to any one of the HOUSEHOLD who will send me the postage. It is too long to publish in the BLADE.—INA BELLE FOLLOLS, Kimbolton, Guernsey County, O.

Panel Insertion.—Cast on 25 stitches and knit across plain. First row—S 1—k 2—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 12—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 2; 2d row—S 1—k 2—m 1—n—m 1—n—p 12—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 2; 3d row—Like 1st row; 4th row—Like the 2d; 5th and 6th rows—Like the 1st; 7th row—Like the 2d; 8th row—S 1—k 2—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 16—m 1—n—repeat four times more from the *—k 1—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 2; 9th row—Like the 2d; 10th row—S 1—k 2—m 1—n—k 6—m 1—n—k 1—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 2; 11th row—Like the 2d; 12th row—Like the 8th; 13th row—Like the 2d; 14th row—Like the 1st. Repeat. The letter "m" means "make." This matches the panel lace pattern I gave some time ago.—SALLIE FAY, Persia, Ia.

Correspondence Clippings.

In my estimation the man or woman who takes a glass occasionally is worse than the one who wallows in the gutter. Why? Because he pretends to be what he is not—a temperance man. He surprises himself by slipping in the back door and he is a stumbling block to many. Girls, I advise you not to marry in haste, for fear you will repent at leisure.—PLEASANT HILL.

I want to thank "Always Busy" for giving her way of washing. Washday is not such a terror to me now as it was a few weeks ago. I want to say to every lady of the HOUSEHOLD try it. And now I want to thank the kind "Ed." for the chapter on Health and Beauty. But how are we who have our work to do, two or three children to care for and supper to prepare, how we get time to sleep in the afternoon when we would like to have a good rest, if we could find time to take it.—HAPPY THOUGHT.

If it is *absolutely* impossible to find time to rest, of course your health must suffer the consequence, but a half hour spent in relaxation or sleep often gives one the power to go on with work with twice the rapidity, and in the end there is a gain. Such is our own experience.—ED.

In the first place, I put my white clothes to soak over night in a good strong suds, just hot enough to bear my hands in with out scalding. In the morning I wring out the sheets, pillow cases and all pieces that are not very dirty, and when I come to the children's underclothes that are very dirty, I put in the washboard and rub them some, not real clean though, and also the towels, then I boil in a good strong suds about 30 or 40 minutes, take them out of the boiler, and suds them good; if there are any streaks left rub them on the board, and they will soon disappear, then rinse through the bluing water and hang up to dry. I also take my children's colored dresses, aprons and drawers, and the boys' shirts, and rub them through the water that the white clothes were soaked in, and put them in and boil them after the white clothes. I use but very little soap for my colored clothes, besides what is already in the water. —BRIDGET.

"Opal" is badly mistaken if she thinks all mothers teach their girls that there is nothing from them to do but to get married. Of course there are exceptions to all rules. There is time enough when we are 30. My mother always told me that there was no need to hurry, and I would never regret it if I lived to be an old maid. I have had girls tell me they were happy if they were old maids.

Please tell "Engenia," to get gum tragacanth for her scrap-book and dissolve in water, a little at a time, as it will evaporate if left standing.—M. A. L.

I would like to say to "Peggy of the Hillside," if she will try my plan of washing I think it will give satisfaction, for I have washed this way several years, and know my clothes are white as can be. Make a strong suds of warm water and good soap and put all the white clothes in. Those very much soiled, I soap well and let them stand all night. Next morning wring them all out. Throw out the water, which will be as dirty as if you had rubbed them all in it. Get clean water and rub them in it, some one of them will not need much rubbing, and put them in rinse water without bluing. The second time you rinse, have bluing in it. Hang them out, and they will be whiter than if boiled or rubbed. This is the best and easiest way I ever found to wash. Boiling clothes will always make them yellow, as I have found out from experience. —LETTY.

"Wife of Good Husband," how I did like your letter of the 12th of April. I am one of those farmers' wives that nearly die from want of society or good books. I can't even go to church except three or four times a year; am not able to walk four miles, and the horses are working during the week and must rest Sundays. Am shut up in the house for weeks and months. Have no children to keep me company, and think this Western prairie the most lonely place on earth. I do love flowers, and had a nice lot, but they all froze for me last Winter. Have plenty of work to do, but it is the same thing over day after day, year after year. Have been in Kansas 10 years, and never saw a theater, circus, or anything like it. I had always lived in Philadelphia before coming here, and do not like it here.—SUSAN, from Kansas.

"J. and E," respectable young men can find honest employment here in Bates County, Mo. Farm hands get from $15 to $22 per month. We live near Rich Hill, a large mining town. Any live, energetic person can find good honest employment.

I am a farmer's daughter. I make garden, milk, sew for three, help wash and iron for seven, cook and do general housework. Sometimes have three or four men to cook for. Now I would not change places with any town girl.—LENA HALLA.

Correspondence.

PLEASANT SCHOOL ROOMS.—I am a teacher—"a deestriet school ma'am,"—and I notice that teachers are not free from censure, even in the HOUSEHOLD; but I do not wish to enter any protest, for no doubt we deserve all we get—(perhaps of praise as well as blame.) But what I want to take up is "Lizzie Lee's" idea of helping each other to do our work better, for I think that must have been in her mind when she wrote "Teaching Spelling." Thank you, "Lizzie," for your suggestions. I had used your method in part before, but I am now using it all and think very highly of it.

I am a country teacher, so before intimated, and my heart is set on advancing our country schools to the degree of excellence which they ought to possess, and maybe I can say something that will help some other country teacher. We seldom find our school houses looking much like palaces, and too often there is a dreary monotony of appearance within and without. I find that nearly all children will take great pride in helping to brighten up "our school house," if they only have some one to lead and suggest ideas, and they will be much more punctual and regular in attendance if they have a feeling of ownership in something about the premises.

The first week of school I ask if they don't think our room would look much better if we could put hanging baskets in the windows, to which they invariably answer yes, and some one is sure to know just where we can find vines for them. I tell them to bring any kinds of handy vine that they can get and the hanging baskets may be made of old oyster cans or wash basins if nothing better can be had; indeed, these look quite pretty, especially if they have a coat of red or green paint. One will be surprised to see what an enthusiasm may be created in a little while, and how eagerly the bright eyes watch the growth of the plants. The schoolroom is brightened, the childrens' intellects are strenghtened and their powers of observation made keener, especially if you give a few simple instructions in botany for them to take with them on their way to and from school, and your own burden is lightened.

I begin early in the Spring so that we may have the more benefit from our plants. I do not try to keep plants in Winter because it is so hard to keep them from freezing. I have all my pupils—I have 17—on "tip toe" to see what they can find out about birds. I told them one evening to see how many kinds they could count before school time next morning and we would talk about them before beginning the day's work. They were all there on time and we had a very interesting talk; all had seen some, but some did not know the names of all they had seen, and gave a very good description of them, so that some one might tell the names. They then went to their lessons with a relish and with happy hearts. They are now trying to see how many kinds they will see all Summer, and what they can learn of their habits, and the tiny five and six-year-olds are no less interested than the older ones. Next week I intend to have the older ones jot down what they see and bring it in on Friday.

But I fear my letter will be so long that it will only see the waste basket. I will give some other methods which I have employed to brighten the school room and grounds and to interest the children, if it will benefit any one. I think the time to go to school ought to be something that every child will hail with delight each morning. I write nothing that I have not tried. Teaching is not all I am interested in, for I feel anxious to understand all the mysteries of housekeeping so as to be prepared for any emergency. I might have to do for myself or do without some time in my life.

I can not help smiling a little over the discussions on washing. I do mine this Spring on Monday morning, when my landlady does her's. I prefer this to heating water and making extra suds. We wash for six, but we get all the white clothes, and they are white, out by 8 o'clock, when I go to school. I happen to be near the school house. We think we have a very nice way, but lest we should cause some of our overburdened sisters nutold misery and cream colored clothes, we will be content to use it ourselves. I should like to come again if I am welcome.—ELEANOR, Postoffice Box 66, Grimes, Polk County, Iowa.

TAKE A RIDE.—Much is written of late concerning the ill effects of toil, unvaried by change, on the health and spirits of farmers' wives. Would not many wives be benefited and their husbands pleased if they would take some of the oft-recurring rides to the Postoffice, the Village store, the blacksmith's shop, the grist mill, to the Agent's for repairs to the mowing machine, etc., etc. My husband is very glad to have me go on business trips for him, thus saving his time.

Perhaps you say you cannot drive; you are not strong enough. I am a slender woman, weighing less than 100 pounds, but I have driven a handsome, matched span of horses, from the time they were three years old until they were nine, many hundred miles; driven them at all seasons, thro good and bad traveling, sometimes finds where I could see no sign of a track on account of the drifts, sometimes thro mud and melting snow of early Spring, when few ventured out at all.

Please don't think they were poor, half-fed, over-worked, jaded animals, with not life enough in their feeble frames to "cut up." They were fat and sleek, driven by no one except my husband or myself, and dozens of times have they run with me, not because they were vicious, but out of pure good spirit. When they were sold I wept like a child, for they were faithful friends, even if dumb ones. I have often driven three-year-old colts which had been harnessed but three or four times, and from the five colts we now have I have one selected which I intend to break wholly myself. So you see is not strength you lack. But if (as I have a suspicion) you lack courage to drive a good animal, drive a poorer one, thus getting out for an occasional taste of pure air and bright sunlight, though I confess such a drive would not act as a tonic to my nerves, I should rather go afoot. And now, one little word in behalf of that noble animal, the horse. Do not abuse him by hard driving. On a good road don't drive mile after mile at the best of his speed, and on a poor road let him walk, and on a hill road let him rest often. —GARNET.

ONCE MORE.—"Peggy, of the Hillside," wanted to hear again from "Kansas," I wonder what she wants to hear. Does she expect that I am quenched in my own suds, or in her tears, or does she want to hear me cry peccavi. I certainly shall not, while I can see what is now within my ken, my wash all ironed and on the horse, and "Peggy," the best shirts, and worst ones too, will bear inspection. Come and see them "Peggy," or "Lydia," or anybody. They are not cream colored, nor is there any dirty or yellow spots on them. If even that "East Toledo Doctor" were to see them, it would not throw me into convulsions. By the by, that demon compliment of yours, "Peggy," was rich. Thanks for it. Those sisters who have "tried it," and, failing, got disgusted, make me think of a great spoilt boy, who, because his top did not spin well the first time, threw it down with a bang and sulked over it, whilst the chances were that if he had "tried it" again it would have spun beautifully. Whilst I was still reading poor "Peggy's" troubles my neighbor, a young but good housekeeper, who had, then for the first time "tried it," called me to see her clothes on the line. I found her, not standing by her back door, weeping, but sitting on the well-side, a bright smile on her bonny face. Her clothes looked nice. I said: "Well, how much rubbing did you have to do?" "Didn't rub a thing," she said; "there was nothing to rub." "Eureka!" It was that my wash looked nice every time I made a convert of her and others around.

TO BECOME A PLAYER.—I have seen so many good words and helpful hints in your columns, that I am tempted to ask some of the musicians to tell me the quickest way to become a player. I am too old to expect to ever be a teacher of the art, but I want very much to be able to play for my family and friends. My father gave me an organ and I can assure you I was ready to leap for joy when it came. I am a lover of music, but am a farmer's wife, with three small boys and many cares, and it seems to be weary work to find time to practice as one ought. We have no teacher of music near. I have heard of charts which tell one just how to play. Do any of you know anything about them?

I will be very thankful for any hints on the subject, also about systematic housekeeping so that I may find time for everything, and do everything in time.

My health is none too good. If I could do as much work—and not feel all dragged out—as before I was married, I would be glad. It seems as though every day brings more work and less strength.

I expect to forget my cares of the organ when I get so I can play more. My fingers are not very nimble; I am 27 years old, and have been married nine years. Goodbye.—LOOKER FOR HELP.

"Mrs. Edwards," I am thankful if I have been permitted to help you some. I am not many years your junior and being somewhat of a cripple those things count with me, too. "Newcomer," thanks for your encouragement, it was the purest Christian sympathy that prompted me to try, if I might help, if ever so little, some of the many overworked wives that I know there are all over this continent, particularly among the farmers' wives. To a great many I know that washing day is a perfect dread. Of course I can but feel that I have been just a little brow-beaten, but they do not belong to the class I am most interested in. But my comfort is in Him who said "Even as ye have done it unto these, ye have done it also unto me." He knows.—F. F. P. ESKRIDGE, Wabause, Kans.

Our correspondent's way of washing has received far more commendations than condemnation, but we have ceased publishing them all, because the subject seems worn out. Very many thank you and appreciate your effort to help them in their most difficult work.—ED.

I enjoy reading the letters from the "Wife of a Good Husband," and if more children were brought up in the fear of the Lord, as she has been, parents of to-day would be better prepared to "train up their children" in the way they should go.

Please tell me, Mary, have you been converted? I like your letters except the last seems as though you do not believe all the Bible says.

How do you all like our editor's way of dressing? I like it, or think I shall, as soon as I get time to "fix up." Do any of you wear underwaists instead of corsets? I think the latter are hot things in Summer, but I always wear them, don't know what else to wear. This is my "debut" in the circle—forgot to rap—if I don't look out my knuckles will get—there goes the ink all over the spread, run for the salt, quick.—M. ALIDA.

There are waists made to take the place of corsets, patterns of which can be obtained at the dress reform establishments, or the article itself.—ED.

DAY-DREAMS.

I.

How quickly they come!—those visions of rest
As sweet as an angel of light;
They whisper a tale of the favored and blest;
They sing of renown and gladden the breast,
And go with the coming of night.

II.

How quickly they go!—those bright, golden dreams,
As fair as the fancies of youth;
They ripple as sweet as the murmuring streams;
They glow as gay as the sun's golden beams,
But are lost to the sternness of truth.

III.

They seem to control the whole of mankind
By powers that come from above;
They brighten the soul and cloud not the mind;
They tempt us to leave all troubles behind,
And put on the mantle of love.

—LESTER LOGAN.

JUST WHAT SHE MEANT.—Thank you all for your words of sympathy and censure, but really I don't think I need either. "Wife of a Good Husband," I had no thought of complaining. I do not know of one I would change lots with. "Mocking Bird" and a few others who enjoyed doing all their own work, and would not be bothered with help, reminded me of my friend who would not have a hired girl for anything. I do not think there are many housekeepers who would care to keep help if they could keep their house as it should be kept, and have leisure to do their sewing and numberless little things that have to be done in every house that no hired help can do, and still have a little time they can call their own, to read, write, run to a neighbor's for a social chat, or do whatever the spirit moved.

Yes, "Wife of a Good Husband," I agree with you in the fact that we often do a good deal of unnecessary work.

I think it requires good judgment to know what one can slight and have it just as well, and, as "Grandma" said a long time ago, to know when to rest. I am often reminded of a saying of my mother's, "I must rest now, and then that will be done."

You ask "Am I slave to my husband's bidding?" My husband has never requested me to make either pie or cake. I do not think he would ever miss them from the table. What he does want is bread, butter, meat and vegetables: fruit three times a day. I do not complain because my company comes unexpectedly, but I complain because they often come just as dinner is ready or just after. I do not usually make much change in my table for company, but when one cooks just enough for their own family (for I don't like warmed-over food), it makes it rather embarrassing to have more than one has calculated on.

"Cynic," if one has a large farm it is necessary to keep hired men, and if, as it sometimes happens, I am without help, I do feel as if my husband ought to discharge a man and take his place, because I have to work harder than I like, and have to leave some things undone, for I will take time to read the BLADE and other papers. There is more than one reason why I like to see my husband coming to the house, for he always lends a helping hand when it is needed.

One way to avoid being bothered with people in whom one takes no interest, is never to say: "Now come and see me," etc. I never invite any one to visit me I do not want, and if I am invited where I do not care to go I say "thanks," and forget to return the invitation. A sister of mine is worried to death (almost) with company of every class, because she appears to all as though they were her dearest friends, especially if they are unfortunate. It may be a good trait, but carried to the extreme proves rather troublesome and at the same time she has no more sympathy than one who appears friendly.

"Mocking Bird," I beg your pardon, still I can't help but believe you have nearly every afternoon to sit down, do fancy work, sew or make calls in, or you would not be so wonderfully delighted with housekeeping and doing all your own work. Gladly would I accept your invitation but you live so far away. I am sure I should enjoy a visit face to face and the music, too, but the birds! I'd rather hear them sing from the walnut trees than have them caged in my house.—WALNUT GROVE.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.—I have a matter of general interest which I wish to lay before the friends of the HOUSEHOLD. Near a certain Western Village of some 300 inhabitants, in which the liquor traffic has held successful sway, since its first house, a whisky shop, was built, nearly 30 years ago, lives one, called Dr. ——, who was, not long since, solicited by some of the business citizens of the place to write for a local paper.

Having received the rudiments of his "learning" in "the log school house" he had been taught that b-l-a-c-k spells nothing but black. Thinking it proper that the most important business of a place should receive first notice he acted accordingly. Consequently his first communication proved to be a "bomb in the rum camp." There was music then. But what was to be done? Such impudence must be silenced at any cost. But who should do it? That was the question. The Village Deacon had been a candidate for County Judge, and was presumably competent for any logical intricacies which might arrive; he was popular, and he was willing. He was their man. And so the rum interest rested easy in the Deacon's hands.

But the Doctor fortified with facts and figures, was not easily subdued. Now what makes the case especially interesting is, the extraordinary positions which the Deacon assumes, and the arguments and methods by which he seeks to annihilate the enemy of rum.

He makes liberal use of personal invectives having no bearing upon the question. He makes the remarkable assertion that—while the number of whisky shops has increased 200 per cent since the place was founded, and are now fitted up in a style of magnificence, which at once indicates the extent of their patronage—the rum traffic had nothing whatever to do with the failure of five out of seven of the different efforts that have been made to sustain church organizations. He expresses great anxiety, lest the Doctor's expose shall lead strangers to give his Village "the go by," utterly ignoring, either by accident or design, the fact that half a dozen score of citizens, besides women and children, on a transient railroad employes have within the last 12 years, tried to live either there, or in its immediate vicinity, yet have nevertheless, from some cause, given it the "go by" at last.

Then, after laboring to show that a "large majority" of the rum patronage came from the Doctor's County, he winds up by declaring that, inasmuch as the Doctor does not live in the Village, he has, therefore, no business to protest, or, as he puts it, to "meddle with" the traffic; notwithstanding that the Doctor lost one of his neighbors—son of a former County Judge—killed, run over by the cars scarce outside the Village limits, while too intoxicated to get off the track, while he himself has been obliged to move his house from beside the public road, to save his family from the insults of maddened hoodlums whom this Village sends out along that highway, besides all that train of evils which society is compelled to endure from being in the vicinity of one of these cesspools of iniquity.

Here are some very terse questions, practical and of general interest to the households of our land. What say the friends! Is the Deacon right! Is it true that the presence of a flourishing rum traffic is no hindrance to the success of religion! Is it, indeed, wrong to expose wrong! Is it, indeed, wrong for the wronged to protest against, or even make known the wrongs they are enduring, yet are powerless to remove or prevent! If it is not right for them to do it, whose business is it! Who are the real sufferers from the "rum curse!" —INQUIRER, Edgewood, Ill.

ABOUT CHILDREN.—Suppose, "Mary Simpson," your beautiful little blue-eyed boy has learned from his affectionate, but erring papa the wicked habit of taking God's name in vain. Children at three learn the bad as well as the good. You have told him about Heaven, the angels, with their harps, and how beautiful it all is, and if we are good we can go there sometime. Do you think it would be wrong to say to him if he keeps on doing naughty acts and taking God's name in vain, he cannot live in that beautiful home, but will be shut away from God into outer darkness! Do we punish our little darlings because we love to? No, indeed, we want to make them better? Why not tell them the whole truth and not deceive them? We know God's ways are mysterious and past finding out. The following lines are said to have been found in Lord Byron's Bible:

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
Oh! happiest they of human race
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to fear, to read to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way!
But better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Inquiries.

Will you have the kindness to see whether the last *Irish Nation* (April 10) contained an article on the "Celtic Language and Literature?"—A. CHILDS.

We had not the number mentioned, and have been utterly unable to obtain one in order to answer our correspondent's question?—ED.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD please to tell me some preparation that will keep a person from tanning? I have heard of folks using glycerine, but will it not make the skin dark?—MILA.

If "Mila" will be patient a little longer she will find full directions for the care of her skin in the "Health and Beauty" column.—ED.

Will some one please inform me where I can find designs for the French art of decorating, and also a list of material used.—MRS. M. M. KNIGHT.

Can any one tell me how to clean a brass clock?—IOWA ROSEBUD.

Will some of the ladies who have been seeking homes in the West please give us their experience thro the BLADE, that others may profit by it?—GIPSY.

I am very poor and have two little children, the oldest a helpless cripple. He likes to piece blocks, but often lacks pieces. Can the HOUSEHOLD send some for him to work with?—MRS. L. C. MCCOY, Holadays, Adair Co., Ia.

Please tell in the BLADE where I can get Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. What is the price, and is it the best for a small family?—GREEN LEAF.

It is the best dictionary for all families, whether small or large. They can be purchased at any book store. Price $10.—ED.

Will some lady of the HOUSEHOLD give directions for crocheting underskirts?—JULIA FETTINGILL.

Will "Jennie" please describe the applique designs, also give the average price, and tell where they can be got? Would they be nice for a felt table cover?—BACH.

Will "Annett," in the BLADE of April 19, please send directions for work-bag, crochet work basket, knitted bed-spread with the shell edge lace and recipe for lemon cake? You ask for embroidery pattern. I have none; they can be procured at the millinery store usually for a few cents. A needle to work cardboard with can be found among assorted needles, in little packages, one for cardboard, worsted, stocking darner for wool and cotton, and several other kinds that are very useful.—BOX 309, Friendship, Allegany Co., N. Y.

Will you please give some information through your paper, as to wood engraving? Could one learn by studying a book of instructions, or is it necessary to take regular lessons from a person who understands it, and does it require that the person should have a talent for drawing to make a good engraver?—LIMA.

A person might learn a great deal by studying a book of instructions, altho practical lessons, with a good, thoro teacher, is very much better. Your success in working alone depends largely upon the talent you have for the art. A fair knowledge of drawing is necessary.—ED.

Will some one please give a recipe for coloring feathers in all the new shades, and in black? Also a recipe for curling them?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

Will some friend of the HOUSEHOLD tell where I can get a dictionary of French usages? Also a treatise on Kindergarten school system? State prices.—E. L.

I want to ask "Always Busy," if her new way of washing don't wear the clothes more than the "good old way."—A READER.

I have a corn, and it takes every opportunity of reminding me of its existence. I am thinking seriously of amputation, but perhaps some of you can tell me an easier method to get rid of my trouble.—PHIONIA LOW, Salem, Neb.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to keep my copper tea kettle bright. Also directions for making macreme lace, and number of thread used?—NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one please send to me a BLADE of January 25, 1883. They have none left at the office. Will pay postage.—G. HOFFMAN, Urbana street, Toledo, O.

Can any of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what will keep raisins from settling at the bottom of cake when it is baking.—DOUDA.

Will the Editor or some one please tell if there is a place in the Bible that speaks of the Lord shaving with a razor. If so, where is it to be found?—A. W. L.

You will find such an expression in Isaiah, 7th chapter, 20th verse.—ED.

Will some one please give a recipe for making corn starch? "Cora," of New York, I gave your recipe for ginger cookies a trial and think it splendid.—MARIETTE.

I would like to ask "Quaker Girl" two questions: 1. What she means by three-over? 2. What are purl stitches in the pattern for lace tidy that was in the BLADE of April 5th? Can any one tell me what "tto" means in knitting lace?—EMMA PRICE.

Would any kind reader of the BLADE please tell me how to take peach stains out of rickrack?—LIZZIE SHERIDAN.

If the lady who sent the direction for the knitted shoe will send her addrsss by postal to Box 118, Armada, Macomb County, Michigan, I will send her directions for crocheting Afghan and double Afghan, with sample, if she will in return write to me and explain some things about the directions for the shoe, which I do not understand.—Box 118.

Answers to Inquiries.

I want to thank "Mrs. G. O. Buell" for directions and samples of trimming for flannel skirts. I am well pleased with the sample and understand how to make it.—MRS. M. M. KNIGHT.

If "Aunt Emma" will please send her address to "Clara Goold," Reno, Venango County, Pa., she will receive some wild cucumber seed.

In my communication with regard to washing I said I was not a model washer, but the printer made it read "a made washer," also "soap book" for scrap book. I wish some Western housekeeper, with a knowledge of Western life, would give me some hints about furnishing a farm house containing about five rooms; also as to tints and shades for paper and ceiling. I know that there has been some talk about home decorations in the HOUSEHOLD, but both time and means are scarce sometimes on a farm.—COUNTRY SALLIE.

I would say to "Gretta" that her chickens have the roup. I will give a cure that I have used with success: Dry hop yeast, sulphur, and powered charcoal, in equal parts. Mix with ground feed and wet it. Give them nothing else to eat for a week or so.

To Emma Brackliff, for big neck: Paint with iodine three or four times a day, and take iodide of potassium. Also diet to some extent.—MRS. C. E. KNAPP.

In our last BLADE "Tired Mother" asks for a cure for scald head. I know nothing of the use of calomel. I had a baby that had a very bad sore head. I tried every remedy I could hear of without avail until an old lady told me to take a piece of black silk, large enough to cover the affected part, spread it with pine tar, cut the hair closely from the head, and apply the tarred silk. I did so, and found it effectual. It was a long time in getting well, and if one patch came loose and would not adhere any longer I put on a new one. Of course it does not look very well, but it relieves the child, and consequently the mother. Should you try this, and find it effective let us hear from you.—J. E. C.

Tell "Vincent" for quinsy to inhale from a strong decoction of hops and vinegar. First boil the hops in the vinegar until the strength of the hops is extracted, and then pour the liquid into an inhaler. If you have no inhaler, use a tea-pot having a small spout. Insert a goose quill in a potato and put the potato with the quill in it over the spout of the tea-pot, and inhale through it, and it will cure.—MRS. J. E. C.

Let "Lone Daisy" and the other lady who wanted to know the wages for work in the West, send a stamped envelope, and I will give as nearly as possible the wages here.—Box 398, Greeley Col.

Some one wanted to know a cure for the blind staggers. It is caused by some accident or injury to the brain, and generally occurs among well-fed horses. Be careful and do not over-feed. To remove the cause should be the first thing, by giving ½ a lb. of epsom salts for a physic. Repeat this if necessary.—S. S.

For the benefit of "A. L. Yoyles" in BLADE of May 10, please publish:

Cure for Blind Staggers in Horses.—Venice turpentine, 2 ozs., Spanish flies 2 ozs., euphorbium, 1 oz., aqua ammonia 1 oz., boiling sassafras tea, 1 qt., assafœtida 1½ ozs. Mix and give this mess twice a day. I will be glad to furnish any other information he may desire concerning stock.—F. E. RYAN.

"Whirlwind" asks in BLADE of April 26, if a dry tenon is put into a green mortice will it become tight. Common sense goes to show that it will if the mortice is length way of the wood. A tenon is made say two inches thick and the mortice the same; the green timber which forms the ends of the mortice will shrink with the rest of the stick, making the mortice narrower, and as the tenon is already seasoned it cannot shrink any more, therefore it will be tight. —WOOD BUTCHER.

I want those who are so troubled with that dreadful disease, the piles, to get five cents worth of pulverized nutgall, mix with fresh lard to make a salve, and apply. It is so cheap and so sure to cure. It can be bought at the drug store. I have used the diamond dyes pretty effectually. Those that are recommended to color wool and cotton do it nicely.

The lady that wished to know how to make mulled buttermilk must put some nice fresh buttermilk on the fire, boil quick, thicken a little with flour, sweeten to taste. Toast some bread, butter it slightly, put in a deep dish, and pour the mixture over while hot. To be eaten cold or hot.—LOG CABIN.

"Enquirer," if he means business, should not be afraid to give full address about telegraphing. Direct to some operator at some railway station. Enclose stamp.—GRANGE.

I have been greatly amused by reading the diffrent accounts of washing published in the HOUSEHOLD, since the old lady of 64 gave her method. Now, my wife follows the old lady's instructions, viz: Soap the dirty parts thoroly, then, having a good hot suds ready, plunge them in, stirring them well; boil about 20 minutes; remove to tub of clean, cold water, rub lightly on the board, blue them, hang them out, and my word for it, they will not be "creamy" or "streaked" but white as you can wish.—NO HUMBUG.

If any of the readers wish to come to Kansas, they could not do better than to come to this part. it is a good stock and farming country. Also if any one wishes to keep a country store this is a good place, as we need a good store here.—MRS. KATE RUSSELL, Lees

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Sheep Dying With Grub.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Mr. Wm. W. DeLapp, of Dakota, and others in the BLADE of April 12 complain of their sheep dying with grub in the head, and seem to be very anxious for a cure. If you will take essence of peppermint, say two teaspoonfuls to each sheep, hold the head in the same position that you do to administer the tobacco and turpentine, then pour your peppermint (one spoonful in each nostril), hold them in that position until the fluid has time to find its way into every cavity of the head, and then let up they will undoubtedly recover. The peppermint is so hot that it causes the grub to leave its perch and work to a greater opening in the head and the sheep, in its fit of coughing or sneezing, is enabled to smoke it out. But do not wait until your sheep begin to complain before you administer the peppermint. Prevention is better than a cure. If you will administer a dose of this kind to your sheep every six months—say Spring and Fall—you need have no worry about your sheep dying with grub of the head. Turpentine is also a good medicine for sheep, if given in the right time, or before the sheep begins to complain.

I hear from you a full description of Dakota and its inducements as a home for settlers. I also read the letters from Kansas and Illinois with great interest. In fact, I love to read a letter from any part of the great West. If that man at Athens, Ill., isn't careful the Kansas boys will get the bulge on him. If any person desires any information about West Virginia, I will give it to them either by letter or through the BLADE.—D. H. TAYLOR, Rock Cave, Upshur County, W. Va.

For Falling Plums.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In the BLADE of the 10th inst. I see a communication of L. C. Wise, of Mt. Union, Stark County, O. The same complains that his plums always fall off when half grown. I will give a remedy which I have tried with success.

Remove the soil six inches deep and three feet around from the roots of your plum trees, fill up with air-slaked lime, then replace the soil on top; that will prevent the curculio from stinging the fruit, and your trees will grow healthy and strong.—CHAS. BARTH, Iola, Allen Co., Kas.

Some Practical and Timely Points.

Keep the brood space as close as is possible and accommodate the bees in the hives. Bees are very short lived, and those having lived through the Winter are almost worn out now. Some are quite feeble even old age. Every old bee that dies makes one less to help keep the hive warm and raise the young ones. It takes 21 days from the time the egg is laid for the perfect worker to hatch out, and from 8 to 15 days more before she is ready to work; the time varies with the season or cold weather. Now, by contracting the brood part to the requirements of the bees, and filling up the rest of the hive with any material to save the heat, you will be sure of having one batch of young bees hatched out before the old bees die off. The stock is at this period no more populous than it was before breeding commenced, and often not quite so much so. This period is often looked upon as a mystery to the beginner, but such stocks are just where they are ready to begin to be on the increase of population, as the young bees will live about 70 days, or long enough to raise just three hatches of brood. A good prolific queen will lay 2,000 eggs every 24 hours from the 1st of June till September, when they begin to decrease.

Taking care of those first two or three hatches of brood is of the greatest importance for profitable results during the honey harvest. The lack of Spring care is more than half the cause why so many fail or receive but little surplus honey. These Spring bees are the cents and dimes that make the dollars in summer.

Stocks in frame hives covering five combs for brood-rearing, the three combs well filled (at least half full) with brood, should have the center comb turned the back end to the front of the hive at once. This turning of the frames end for end induces the queen to extend the space occupied for egg-laying, and as capped brood does not require as much heat as it becomes matured, being able to retain heat, the turning of the comb, if well covered with bees, profitably increase the population, when care is used. The stock covering seven combs will not need so much forcing, while the stock able to cover only two or three combs must be more cautiously handled, as being in a hurry to give more room may expose the brood not covered sufficiently with bees to a chill that kills them. Make haste slowly. Feed when it is necessary. Keep enough bees to cover the combs; only enough bees to cover two combs, have them as strong as the swarm is that covers nine combs all over.—*H. L. Jeffrey, West Morris, Conn.*

The Cow or Stock Pea.

Slowly, but none the less surely, evidence is accumulating in reference to the adaptability of the stock or cow pea of the South to the climate of the Eastern, Middle and Western States. Mr. Henry Stewart, of Bergen County, New Jersey, writes the *Rural New Yorker* "that he planted cowpeas June 2, in drills made 18 inches apart, and commenced cutting and feeding them early in September." He says the cow-pea is richer in albuminoids than corn-fodder, and for practical use, he thinks the pea considerably more valuable than green corn. It is a plant, also, which will come in a succession after the early crops are cut, and may be removed in time to plow the land and sow rye again. For soiling purposes it comes in at a most convenient season, when cows are becoming tired of green corn. It is one of a class of plants of which, he says, we cannot have too many.

H., of Southampton, Mass., writes to the *New England Homestead* that he planted the black-eye pea in hills 18 inches apart, June 15. The crop was hoed once and cultivated once, but it was planted three weeks too late to mature its seed. As this pea belongs to the leguminous order of plants, the soil enhancing principle could be increased by the application of land plaster in the early stages of the growth of the plants.

A farmer near Rochester, N. Y., having to secure a good stand of clover in the Spring, sowed 12 bushels of cow peas on eight acres of land, drilling them in with the grain drill. This was during the first week in June. September 4, when the peas had attained a height of two to four feet, and were in full bloom, they were plowed under. The resulting effect on the wheat crop was very satisfactory, the peas causing a rank, luxuriant stalk and very large heads.

Mr. B. A. Neale, of Mayfield, Ky., prefers the Whippoorwill variety. It is also known as the speckled pea. He states in a late number of the *Rural World* that a crop plowed under for two successive seasons will so enrich the land that a large crop of tobacco can be grown on land that would otherwise be worthless. The peas are at all times, especially when green, very valuable as food for man, and when they are just green, they constitute a most delicious food. He says the black pea will be upon the field during the Winter without rotting. Another correspondent, who planted every other hill in the corn-field with the stock pea, reports a fair yield of seed and a fine lot of pea-vine hay, which the cattle preferred to corn and straw. He advises pea culture on old lands, letting the hogs have the range of the field as soon as ripe. The vines of the black pea are evergreen, and the best for hay. The stalks contain less woody matter than the other varieties.—*K., in Farm and Fireside.*

Potato Culture.

It is held by some that level culture, as it is called, is inferior to raising the soil around the hill. It is said to protect the tuber from the sun to raise the ground around it.

All this amounts to only opinion. A potato should be planted not less than six inches deep. This secures it from all injurious effects of the sun. It protects outside of the hill, the whole being a uniform guard against drouth. No potatoes will see the sun in such case. The drouth not only will not so seriously injure it—and this is important with the potato—but the moisture in excess in a wet season—the ground being well drained as it should be—will pass off, and the crop will be all the more benefited; it wants moisture—no sudden flooding, which might hurt it, especially in connection with a high temperature.

Deep, level planting and culture is what the potato wants. It wants to have its soil stirred; and when the vines are getting to be in way, a mulch will be a great benefit. Straw is a good mulch. Let it run up against the hills, and over the whole ground. The color of the straw will lessen the heat of the sun, shade the ground—thus aiding moisture, prevent weeds and aid fertility when it is most wanted, at the growth of the tuber and its maturity.

The English system, after long experimenting, is to plant six or seven inches deep, and close also, say two and a half feet between the rows, and half that distance in the rows, with little seed in a hill. Thus there will be more uniformity; the two extremes of large (hollow,) and small potatoes will be measurably avoided. The grain and flavor, the quality in general, will be improved. There will also be earlier maturity.

Plant early, plant deep, plant level, cultivate well, and mulch. A light, rich soil is the best, and works the best. Except in new land, ashes should be applied; apply almost in any stage of the growth; Midsummer will do for late growth, and is perhaps preferable, as the tuber when it develops wants the strength.—*Rural New Yorker*

Milwaukee's Female Lawyer.

MILWAUKEE, May 23.—When Judge Mallory imposed a penalty of $50 upon Kate Kane, lawyer, for having dashed a glass of water into his face in open Court, and thus established a case of contempt, she registered a vow that she would never pay a fine in the municipal court, and chose the alternative of spending 30 days in the County Jail. To-day she appeared as a prisoner at the bar on a charge of abusive language, preferred by a reporter of the Herald, a German newspaper, and was found guilty and fined $5 and costs, or 15 days in the House of Correction, by Justice Matthews, who occupied the bench for the day at the request of Judge Mallory. Miss Kane's fiery and untamed spirit rebelled against the judgment of the Court, and for the moment her determination not pay the fine prevailed, but the prospect of going to the House of Correction on a commitment in default soon brought a speedy change of mind, and she stepped down into the Clerk's office and squared accounts, although the effort at humble submission nearly brought tears to her eyes.

Affairs in Indian Territory Turned Over to the War Department.

ST. LOUIS, May 23.—A dispatch from Muskogee, I. T., says: "The Department of the Interior has decided not to interfere further with the Creek Indian troubles, and the entire matter has been turned over to the War Department. Commissioners Ward and Beede, now here, are instructed to have nothing to do with it, and they go from here to Okmulgee, Capital of the Creek Nation, with Indian Agent Taft, to investigate the claims to citizenship made by a large number of persons. They will visit the Capitals of all the civilized tribes for the same purpose. There are over 2,000 persons in the entire Territory who claim to be Indians, but who are not recognized as such by the Indian authorities. The condition of Spiochee and his followers, now at Fort Gibson in charge of the military authorities, remains unchanged and nobody here knows what disposition will be made of them. The Government doesn't seem in any hurry to settle the matter.

A Family Feud that has Caused the Death of Nine Men.

BATON ROUGE, May 23.—News from Livingston Parish is to the effect that Bob Morrison, brother-in-law of Kirby, was found dead in the woods yesterday, near where the affray took place Sunday between the Lanier and Kirby parties. In the first statement it was reported that not only two Laniers were killed, but that the Coroner found the body of Bill Kirby in a branch where the Kirby party made the attack, showing that the Laniers resisted them. The supposition is that Morrison was wounded in the fight at Hog Branch and died while endeavoring to get home. Sammy Lanier, aged 15, has not been heard from, and it is supposed he was shot in the fight and also died in the woods. This is a family feud, which has already caused the death of nine men. There are three members of the Lanier family, with one brother-in-law, remaining of one faction, and one Morrison and two Kirbys of the other faction.

GET THE ORIGINAL.

Dr Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

The National Fish Hatcheries.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—Fish hatching is attracting a good deal of attention at the old Armory building just now, 750,000 eggs being received daily from the Potomac stations. Col. McDonald, who is in charge of the distribution of fish, expects the yield of this season to be upward of 60,000,000 shad. Three car loads are sent away every week. The production of young herring has been enormous, and Mr. Page, who has charge of the hatching, estimates the yield of the season will be 100,000,000. Col. McDonald is devoting a good share of the product of the season to stocking the Upper Potomac. The hatching at the Armory is in full operation, all apparatus being worked to the fullest capacity. It is expected that fully 25,000,000 shad eggs will be secured from the Potomac this season. The lateness of the Spring put back the work considerably.

Horrible Fate of a Brakeman.

MASSILLON, May 23.—A brakeman on the gravel train of the C., L. & W. Railroad, named Peter Arnold, met a shocking death this morning. He left here at 5 o'clock on his train, and when it reached Navarre, the conductor missed him. No one was on the engineer of the passenger train coming north to look out for him. A part of the body was found near Warming-ton Mine, and pieces of it were scattered along the track for about a mile. It is supposed that he fell between the cars and was rolled under the train for that distance. The remains, which were brought to the depot in this city, were so horribly mangled as to be beyond recognition. The unfortunate young man was about 26 years of age, unmarried, and his home was near Uhrichsville.

A whole nation of house-keepers have been using Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder for years and has proven it pure, effective and healthful. They know it to be the best baking powder for they have tried it well and it has never failed them. This is knowledge gained by experience in the kitchen in actual use.

Knights of Pythias.

CINCINNATI, May 22.—The Knights of Pythias held a drill on the stage at Music Hall to-night, before an audience of several thousand. The first prize of $300, open to Divisions from the whole country, had three contestants: Indiana Division, No. 2, Indianapolis; Kokomo, No. 6, Kokomo, and Dayton, No. 1. In the second prize, open to Ohio, formed Knights from Ohio, the contestants were Humboldt Division, No. 12, Cincinnati; Garfield, No. 13, Sandusky, and Coeur De Leon, No. 9, Lancaster. The following is the result of the competitive drill: First prize, $300—Dayton, of Dayton. Open to Ohio. First prize, Coeur De Leon, of Lancaster; second prize, Humboldt, of Cincinnati.

A Desperate Lover.

LARNED, Kan., May 23.—Near Livingston, Seafford County, to-day, George Cramer made a proposition of marriage to Miss Lillie Wensell, who refused him. He then drew a revolver, shot her twice, knocked her down with the deadly weapon, and then cut his own throat. Both are expected to die.

Happiness is a great blessing to be purchased at so small a cost as that of a bottle of Hall's Hair Renewer.

Decorating Confederate Graves.

RICHMOND, Va., May 23.—Memorial Day was observed by a general suspension of business this afternoon, and the 12,000 graves of Confederate dead in Hollywood cemetery were decorated. An interesting incident was the presentation by Philip Kearney Post No. 10, G. A. R., of a magnificent floral monument to be placed upon the grave of Gen. George E. Pickett.

Visiting Old Battlefields.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., May 22.—Forty-five veterans of the 131st Pennsylvania arrived to-night, visiting old battlefields. They were received by many Confederate veterans, with a cordial welcome and given hospitable attention by the citizens generally.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE Tonic for Overworked Men.

Dr. J. C. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used it as a general tonic, and in particular in the debility and dyspepsia of overworked men, with satisfactory results."

Ben Butler's Offer Rejected.

BOSTON, May 23.—The Legislative Committee on Expenditures reported it "inexpedient to legislate" upon the Governor's message offering to run the Tewksbury almshouse for $20,000 a year less than the usual appropriation.

A Miser's Hoard.

SANTA ROSA, Cal., May 23.—Stowed away in various receptacles in the room of Henry Thoman, lately deceased, a native of Switzerland, of miserly habits, $80,000 were found in bonds and gold coin.

Extreme Tired Feeling.

A lady tells us "the first bottle has done my daughter a great deal of good, her food does not distress her now, nor does she suffer from that *extreme tired feeling* which she did before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." A second bottle effected a cure. No other preparation contains such a concentration of vitalizing, enriching, purifying and invigorating properties as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

A New and Most Important Theory on One of the Most Vital Questions of the Day.

If anyone had informed Queen Elizabeth in her palmiest days that she could have been seated in her palace in London and conversed with Sir Walter Raleigh in his North Carolina home, receiving a reply from him within an hour's time, she would have declared it to be a miracle. And yet, had they lived in the present day, this apparent miracle would most readily have been witnessed and not seem at all strange or unnatural. The truth is, new principles are coming into existence, and the operation of many laws unknown in the past is being fully understood in the present. In no way does this fact come more forcibly to the mind than in the care and treatment of the human body. Millions of people have died in past ages from some insignificant or easily controlled cause which is thoroughly understood now and readily handled. Consumption during the entire past has been considered an incurable disease. And yet it is demonstrated that it has been and can be cured, even after it has had a long run. Dr. Felix Oswald has just contributed a notable article on this subject to the *Popular Science Monthly*. He regards consumption as pulmonary scrofula. The impurities of the blood produce a constant irritation in the lungs, thus destroying their delicate tissues and causing death. His theory shows conclusively that consumption is a blood disease. It has its origin primarily in an unhanged condition of the kidneys or liver, the only two organs of the body, aside from the lungs, that purify the blood. When the kidneys or liver are diseased they are in a sore or lacerated state which communicates poison to every ounce of blood that passes through them. This poisonous blood circulates through the system and comes to the lungs, where the poison is deposited, causing decomposition in the finely formed cells of the lungs. Any diseased part of the body has contaminating power, and yet the blood, which is the life of the system, is brought into direct contact with these poisoned organs, thus carrying contagion to all parts of the body. Bishop Jesse T. Peck, D. D., LL. D., whose death has been so recently regretted, is reported to have died of pneumonia, which medical authorities affirm indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. It is well known, moreover, that for several years he has been the victim of severe kidney trouble, and the pneumonia, which finally terminated his life, was only the last result of the previous blood poisoning. The deadly matter which is left in the lungs by the impure blood clogs up and finally chokes the patient. When this is accomplished rapidly it is called pneumonia or quick consumption; when slowly, consumption, but in any event it is the result of impure blood, caused by diseased kidneys and liver.

These are facts of science, and vouched for by all the leading physicians of the day. They show the desirability—nay, the necessity, of keeping these most important organs in perfect condition, not only to insure health, but also to escape death. It has been fully shown, to the satisfaction of nearly every unprejudiced mind, that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the only known remedy that can cure and keep in health the great blood-purifying organs of the body. It acts directly upon these organs, healing all ulcers which may have formed in them and placing them in a condition to purify and not poison the blood. This is no idle statement nor false theory. Mr. W. C. Beach, foreman of the Buffalo, N. Y., Rubber Type Foundry, was given up to die by both physicians and friends. For four years he had a terrible cough, accompanied by night sweats, chills, and all the well known symptoms. He spent a season South and found no relief. He says: "I finally concluded to try Warner's Safe Cure, and in three months I gained 20 pounds, recovered my lost energy and my health was fully restored." The list could be prolonged indefinitely, but enough has been said to prove to every sufferer from pulmonic troubles that there is no reason to be discouraged in the least, and that health can be restored.

HERESY.

Dr. McLane's Case Before the Presbyterian General Assembly.

SARATOGA, May 22.—In the Presbyterian General Assembly, in the appeal case of Rev. Dr. W. W. McLane, of Steubenville, O., the Presbytery suspending him from the ministry for heresy contained in his book, the Judiciary Committee recommended that the matter be referred to the Ohio Synod for action.

Rev. Dr. Holmes, of the Steubenville Presbytery, thought such action injustice to the accused and the Presbytery, leaving them open to assaults by the secular press.

Howard Crosby thought it should take the regular course and go back to the Synod before action by the General Assembly. He cared nothing for what the secular press should say, had no fears of it, and asked no fears from it.

Prof. James Kirkwood, of the Ohio Synod, insisted that this was an appeal from the decision on point of doctrine, and directly appealable here.

Rev. Dr. Thompson, of the Northumberland Presbytery of Pennsylvania, wanted the General Assembly to take issue in this case, and take a firm stand against hetero doxy. It has been alleged this body is afraid to meet squarely a case of heresy. God forbid that such widely circulated allegation is true.

The report was not received—222 to 233. The motion to refer the matter to a committee of eight clergymen and seven elders to examine the appeal to the General Assembly was postponed by the expiration of the hour.

SARATOGA, May 24.—Rev. Dr. Kempshall, from the Judiciary Committee, made a report on Rev. W. W. McLane's heresy appeal. He reported the Committee had received a letter from Rev. W. W. McLane, asking leave to withdraw the appeal from the order of suspension against him, stating he should at once notify the church in Steubenville, Ohio, of which he has been pastor, of his withdrawal from the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, and ask for a letter stating such fact. Leave to withdraw was granted, and the Judiciary Committee discharged.

A TOTAL ECLIPSE

of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivalled in bilious disorders, impure blood, and consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

DARING ROBBERY.

An Express Money Carrier Robbed of $15,000 in the Streets of Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, May 24.—The United States Express Company's money carrier, Alexander Granger, received sundry packages of money and other valuables from the East-bound Lake Shore train at the Union depot this morning, and put them in a buggy standing outside. Somebody from the ice-room called to him, and no one being in sight he stepped a little way from the vehicle to ascertain who called. Returning he drove to the Express Company's main office and three discovered that two bags, similar to the company's pouches, but filled with brown paper, had been substituted for the two containing the money. It is supposed the robbery had been carefully planned by experts, and executed at the moment Granger's attention was diverted. The missing pouches are said to contain in the neighborhood of $15,000 in 30 packages of remittances from railway stations on the Lake Shore Road between Chicago and Toledo to headquarters. The amount cannot be definitely known for some days. Much of the remittances are thought to be in bank checks and certificates of deposit.

CONVOY, O., Sept. 18, 1880.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—Write out a statement and send it to me and I will sign it. You can't make it too strong. SAMUEL FISHER.

ROCKY MOUNT, Ga., August 3, 1880.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—My neighbors and my physicians know that your medicine has done me much good. I am cured. May God bless you. MAHALA MALCOLM.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. MORRISON, PLUMMER & CO., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ills., and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Earthquake in Kentucky.

CATLETTSBURG, May 23.—Two distinct shocks of earthquake were felt at 11:30 last night, shaking buildings in town.

The magical cure of colds and coughs, by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, is indisputable.

Solicitors of Patents.

Stoddart & Co., 413 G. street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

EAST RIVER BRIDGE

Dedicated to the Use of the People —Processions, Speech-making, Cannonading and Music.

NEW YORK, May 24.—The eighth wonder of the world—eighth in point of time, but first in point of significance—was to-day dedicated to the use of the people. Amid the booming of cannon, shrill whistling of thousands of steamers and the plaudits of the great masses of citizens, the Brooklyn bridge was formally presented to the citizens of New York and Brooklyn, the President of the United States and officers of his Cabinet, Governor of New York and staff, Senators and Representatives from many States and Territories and the Mayors of both the Cities being approving witnesses of the ceremony.

In New York business was partly suspended, most exchanges closed at noon, and many business places suspended work for the afternoon. Flags flew from the municipal and other buildings in City Hall Park, from business places along Broadway and other streets, and from many private residences. The day is all that could be desired for the occasion. Houses along the route of the procession, from Fifth Avenue Hotel to City Hall, are decked with colors.

At the New York end of the bridge workmen have been busy all the morning putting the finishing touches to the decorations. The picket fence in front of the bridge has been removed and a strong force of police guard the approach. Crowds began to gather early, and waited with great patience for the arrival of the procession and the beginning of the ceremonies. Nearly all vehicles except street cars were prevented from passing below the streets near the bridge from an early hour in the morning, and at noon street cars were stopped.

The Seventh Regiment, N. Y. S., N. Y., Col. Emmons Clerk commanding, detailed as a military escort for the occasion, assembled at their armory this morning in full uniform. A guard of 20 were detailed to march on either side of the President's carriage. The command marched down Park and Fifth avenues to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the President's quarters, where it was drawn up. The sidewalks along the route were lined with people. On Madison Square it was estimated that 10,000 people had gathered.

The President and invited guests occupied the carriages which were drawn up in line on the south side of the hotel. In the first carriage sat Pres. Arthur and Mayor Edson. In other carriages Secs. Freinghuysen and Folger, P. M. Gen. Gresham, Sec. Chandler, Atty Gen Brewster, Marshal McMichael, of the District of Columbia, Allen Arthur, T. J. Phillips, Surrogate Rollins, Gov. Cleveland, Gov. Ludlow, of New Jersey, Gov. Fairbanks, of Vermont, Gens. Stryker and Slocum, Gov. Littlefield, of Rhode Island, the staff of Gov. Cleveland, Gen. Carr and staff, Collector Robertson, Congressman Cox, Hon. Wm. Windom, Speaker Keifer, State Senators and Peruvian Minister. A committee representing the Brooklyn Bridge Trustees, escorted the President and Cabinet to their carriages, others falling into line and taking the carriages assigned them.

When the carriages passed the Seventh Regiment, the company presented arms. The military then broke into column and marched down Fifth avenue and Broadway to City Hall Park, where the members of the Common Council received the President and Cabinet.

A salute announcing the President's arrival at the New York tower was fired by the war vessels in the harbor and forts at 2:16 P. M., and the yards of the men-of-war were manned 15 minutes later. Cannonading from Fort Green and the Navy Yard announced the arrival of the procession at the Brooklyn tower, where Mayor Lowe preceded it.

On account of the great crowd, much difficulty was experienced in obtaining a passageway to the platform. At the conclusion of the prayer by Bishop Littlejohn, J. S. F. Stranahan, who presided, successively introduced the Acting President of that Board of Trustees, who formally presented the bridge to the people of New York and Brooklyn, through their respective Mayors, and each made a speech of acceptance. Congressman Hewitt also made an address and Rev. Dr. Storrs delivered an oration. Levy succeeded, giving on his cornet the Star Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle, accompanied by a chorus of cannon and steam whistles.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BRIDGE.

The length of the great bridge, including the Brooklyn and New York land span, is 5,989 feet, 709 feet more than a mile. Its total cost to date was $14,629,379.60, but there remain some claims not yet audited, and it is believed that when all bills are paid the total will fall but a little short of $15,000,000. The heavy masonry of the abutments and piers and the immense iron work prove that the structure was built to last for ages, and as long as it stands it will be regarded as one of the engineering marvels of the age.

The total width of the bridge is 85 feet. There are two tracks over it for street cars, and between the tracks is a footpath for pedestrians. This foot promenade is 16 feet wide, and it gradually rises from the point where the railway tracks diverge on either side of it until it reaches an elevation where it is on a level with the roofs of the street cars. Outside of the railway tracks, on either side, are the roadways for vehicles; each of ample width for two lines of carriages to pass, and each almost on a level with the street car track.

At each end of the bridge there is an iron building which serves as a railway station for the cars that are to run across the structure, and after having passed through this station you have a magnificent view of the bridge. On the New York side the approach—which is a substantial viaduct of granite—is 1,562 feet in length, and the land span, from the anchorage to the tower, is 930 feet long. The anchorage is a square mass of granite, 129 by 119 feet at the base, and 157 by 104 at the top and 89 feet at the front and 85 feet at the back. On the Brooklyn side is a similar anchorage, each containing thousands of tons of granite, and stable anchorages are secured the ends of the four great cables that support the suspended portions of the bridge. Each cable contains 5,296 parallel, not twisted, wires of oil-coated, galvanized steel, closely wrapped in a solid cylinder 15¾ inches in diameter. The length of each single wire is 3,579 feet, weight 11 feet to the pound. The length of wire in the four cables is 14,361 miles, and the weight of cables, inclusive of wrapping wire, is 3,587 tons. The New York tower rests upon a caisson 172 by 102 feet in dimensions, the timber, iron, and concrete filling weighing about 15,000 tons. Upon this rises the tower, containing 40,045 cubic yards of masonry. The depth of the foundation below high water is 78 feet. Size of towers at high water line is 140 by 50 feet; at roof course, 136 by 53 feet; total height of towers above high water, 278 feet. While both towers are of the same size and height above water, the Brooklyn tower contains less masonry for the reason that a good bottom was found at a less depth, and it was not necessary to sink the caisson so deep.

In Search of a Runaway Husband and $2,000.

LANCASTER, O., May 23.—Mrs. G. H. Sheldon, of Allegheny, is here looking for her runaway husband. She says he left Pittsburg a week ago with a young girl named Huldah Parks, carrying with him $2,000 in money belonging to her. She traced the pair first to Cleveland, then to Columbus, then to this City last night. Thorough search, however, by the officers, has failed to find their whereabouts, and it is likely that they took the train for Cincinnati. Mrs. Sheldon is a fine looking lady about 20 years of age, and she says that all she wants is her money, but if George is overtaken it is very evident she intends to make it warm for him.

Tabor's Troubles.

DENVER, May 23.—The Denver Club, the most prominent organization of the kind in the City, has expelled Mr. Tabor from its membership, adopting, at the same time, a resolution to the effect that the expulsion is due to the fact that he married a woman with whom members of their families could not associate. The significance of the club's action is seen in the fact that all the prominent politicians of the City are members of the club, including Sen. Hill, Sec. Teller and Henry B. Walcott.

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, for flavoring Ice Cream, Cakes and Pastry. With great care, by a new process, Dr. Price extracts from the *true* select *Fruits* and Aromatics each characteristic flavor, and produces flavorings of rare excellence —of great strength and perfect purity—far superior to the cheap extracts.

Col. Nickerson's Divorce Scrape.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—Judge Advocate Barr, who was sent to Philadelphia by the War Department to make examination of judicial proceedings and all papers in the Nickerson divorce case, has returned, and will forthwith prepare his report, to be submitted to the Adjutant General. The investigation, army officers say, cannot fail to result in a court martial.

The Colored Convention.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The National Convention of colored people, which was to have assembled here, meets at Louisville September 24.

For Thick Heads,

Heavy stomachs, bilious condition, "Wells' May "Apple" Pills" anti-bilious, 10 and 25c.

KENTUCKY.

The Republicans Will Make a Square Fight on the Tariff Issue.

LEXINGTON, May 23.—The Kentucky State Republican Convention, now in session here, was called to order at 1 P. M., by George Derry, Jr., of Lancaster. Hon. Walter Evans was elected permanent chairman.

The platform adopts and reaffirms the declaration of Republican principles by the National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1880; declares it the duty of the State and people to provide free schools for all children of the State; favors the adjustment of the tariff so that it will not only provide revenue sufficient to defray the expenses of the Government, but afford a just and reasonable protection to the industrial classes of the country without being oppressive to agricultural and other interests; calls for a convention to amend the constitution of the State; desires to welcome immigration to peaceful and quiet homes; extends to the suffering people of Ireland the warmest sympathies; favors free tobacco; arraigns the administration of State affairs; declares the condition of the State prison a common scandal and reproach to civilization; asserts that Chester A. Arthur, coming into the office of President under circumstances of unparalleled embarassment, has fully met all the requirements of his great office and that his administration commends itself to the respect and confidence of the American people, and congratulates the Administration and the country upon the appointment of Hon. Walter Evans as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, accepting it as a compliment to the Republicans of Kentucky and the South.

At the night session the candidates put in nomination for Governor received the following votes upon the first ballot: T. Z. Morrow, Pulaski County, 184; John Lewis, Washington County, 158; E. W. Bagly, McCracken County, 53; Dr. Kimberley, Davies County, 22; G. Denney, jr., 23; W. Cussius Goodlove, Lexington, 223; Col. A. M. Swope, Lexington, 239; J. Bennett, Madison County, 67.

LEXINGTON, May 24.—The Republican State Convention closed its session here today, after nominating Thomas Z. Morrow, of Pulaski, for Governor; Gen. S. S. Fry, of Danville, for Lieutenant Governor; Lewis or Garrigus, ex-Confederate, of Russelville, for Attorney General; Leroy R. Hawthorne, of Newport, for Auditor; F. Flawrency, of Paducah, for Treasurer; J. B. Pinkerton, of Grayson, for Superintendent of Public Instruction, and J. W. Ashbury, (colored), of Cynthiana, for Register of Land Office.

THE CANUCKS

Appear to Have the Advantage of Uncle Sam in the Transportation of Passengers by Water.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The Treasury Department has been informed that a firm of Toronto, Canada, propose to run a line of Canadian steamers this season between Chicago and Montreal, calling at Cleveland and Detroit. The Department was asked if it would be permissible for vessels of this line to carry passengers from Cleveland to Detroit and Chicago, or from the last named to the first named point. Until last year it was illegal to land the transportation of passengers by foreign vessels between port and port in this country made such vessels virtually liable to a tax of $1.30 per ton. The Attorney General has since, however, given an opinion that there is no bar to such transportation. The Canadian firm above referred to has been notified of these facts, and has also been informed that the Treasury Department looks with no favor on the transportation of passengers between our own ports in Canadian bottoms, especially as it is known that the laws of Canada do not extend a similar privilege to vessels of the United States. The firm has been further informed that, though the Treasury Department must concede there is no legal force in the statute upon which it has heretofore relied to prevent such transportation of passengers in foreign bottoms, it would not hesitate to apply, in prevention or restriction of it, any provision or statutes that might be found legally sufficient for that purpose.

INGERSOLLISM.

How the Eloquent Bob Disposes of Kerdell and His Testimony.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—Col. Ingersoll continued his argument in the star route trial to-day. After a lengthy review of Kerdell's testimony and examination of his character, and all his methods, Ingersoll said: "I will not dwell longer upon this man's testimony. Let us put him out of sight—put him in his coffin and nail it down. Let the first nail be the affidavit of June 18; let the second nail be his letter of July 5th, 1882, saying that that affidavit was made by persuasion of Bosler, and, (striking the table violently) drive it down. Let the third nail be the affidavit of July 8, 1882, where he swears they are all perfectly innocent, and the fourth nail is the pencil memorandum. Down with that! The fifth is the tabular statement, giving 33⅓ per cent. to Brady, and the sixth his pretended letter to Bosler. The seventh nail is the pretended letter from Dorsey to Brady, of May 12, 1879, and copies made by Miss White. Drive that in! Wind his corpse up in the balance sheets of red books made by Donnelly. We want a plate for this coffin. Paste on there the Chico letter of April 3, 1878. Now for the gravestone. Let us take the red books; put one at his head and one at his feet, and let him sleep, and my prayer is that Gabriel, when he plows over that grave, don't blow. [Laughter.] There is not, never was, and never will be twelve honest men who will deprive a citizen of liberty on the evidence of a man like Kerdell. It never has happened, it never will happen."

A Cold Blooded Murder for $40.

ST. LOUIS, May 24.—The body of a man named W. L. Howard, with four bullet holes in it, was found in the woods near Nevada, Mo., last Sunday. Yesterday a dissolute character known as Bill Fox, was arrested on suspicion of having committed the deed, and on being closely questioned acknowledged the act. His story shows that he deliberately lured Howard into the woods, shot him in cold blood, and then robbed the body of $40. He claims Howard did him some wrong about a year ago for which he promised to "get even" with him, but it is plainly evident that the murder was committed solely for plunder. Fox was indicted yesterday, and will have a speedy trial. Howard was highly connected.

Singular Divorce Suit.

NEW CONCORD, O., May 22.—Mrs. S. P. Sales, wife of a very prominent citizen of this County, has just applied for a divorce from her husband on the most singular grounds. She alleges that Mr. Sales holds family worship three times each day, and at every service he selects from the Bible all such passages as severely condemn all manner of sinful acts, and then, in the presence of all her children, the husband hurls reproaches on his wife, making application of the passages read to her case. This manner of thus abusing her by means of the Scriptures is certainly the height of refined cruelty, and Mrs. Sales, it is said, asks for a divorce to escape such treatment. She will no doubt get it.

Victory for the Bucket Shops.

CHICAGO, May 23.—Judge Tuley, in the Circuit Court, this morning decided in favor of the bucket shops in their contest with the Board of Trade and telegraph companies, thus taking the contrary view to that held by two of the Federal Judges and also two of the State Judges having concurrent jurisdiction with him.

Militia Going Visiting.

MACON, Ga., May 23.—The Macon Volunteers, organized in 1825, have decided to visit the Cities of the West, leaving here on June 10, and taking 50 men and a few prominent citizens. They will visit Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Rockford, Janesville, Memphis and other places.

A Boom for Rosecrans.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22.—The Council of Democratic Union Veterans' meeting this evening proposed to extend its organization to all parts of the United States. Rosecrans will be made head of the organization, with a view, as believed, of giving him a Presidential boom.

Sample Western Growth.

SEATTLE, W. T., May 22.—The census just taken shows 6,600 in this City, and 10,280 in the County. The census of 1881 gave the City 3,380, and the County 6,400.

Gen. Grant.

CHICAGO, May 24.—Gen. Grant arrived here this morning and will leave to-morrow for his old home at Galena.

How Does Compound Oxygen Cure?

We answer, in two important ways: First, by a rapid purification of the blood, in consequence of a proper supply of oxygen to the lungs, and second, by revitalizing all the nerve centers, the Compound inhaled having in its manufacture become Nerve-vitalizer, which gives the quality known to chemists as "ozone." A new and healthy action is at once set up in the diseased system, and a permanent improvement follows as surely as effect follows cause. If you wish to know all about this new and remarkable remedy, the use of which is rapidly extending to all parts of the country, send to DR. STARKEY & PALEN, Nos. 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be mailed free.

A PRETTY STORY

Of Big-Hearted Miners, Rich Mines and Seats in the Senate.

Special to the Louisville Courier-

News of the Week

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

Neal Dow is dangerously ill at Boston.

Harvest prospects in France are favorable.

Gen. Sabtier, Governor of France, is dead.

Joseph Steiner & Co., Cincinnati jewelers, have assigned.

Edouard Rene Lefebore Laboulaye, the well-known French jurist, is dead.

At McFarland, Va., a child of Alice Boiling was brained by its mother, who confessed.

The Spring meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club opened yesterday, with 10,000 spectators present.

The National banks will be saved about $2,000,000 in taxes by the decision of the Attorney General.

Philippe Francisco Xavier Theodore Henschling, a Belgian writer on political economy, is dead.

The General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church began its ninth session at Baltimore yesterday.

Bishop McMullen, of the diocese of Davenport, is sinking, and his death is expected to occur within a few days.

The 45th annual report of the Presbyterian Board of Publication shows 12,391,000 copies of books, tracts and periodicals during the year.

Mathew Arbuckle, the well-known cornet player and orchestral leader, died at his residence in New York, of pneumonia, aged 54.

It has been decided to hold the next meeting of the Reformed Presbyterian General Synod in Pittsburg the third Wednesday in May, 1884.

The municipal election in Alexandria, Va., resulted in the election of a Democratic Mayor and Council. The Readjuster vote was very small.

An extensive fire occurred at Vars, in the Department of the Upper Alps. Fifty houses were destroyed, and several persons perished in the flames.

James Henley, of East Cairo, Ill., and Henry Dettrich, of Bird's Point, Mo., cut each other with knives in a fight on a ferry boat. Both are supposed to be fatally wounded.

Reports of immense gold discoveries in lower California, 20 miles inland from Mulege, have been received at San Francisco. Several parties have started from there for that place.

The town of Guernville, Cal., was almost completely swept away by fire, comprising 30 buildings, including the railway station. Loss estimated at $60,000; insurance, $25,000.

Wm. Askins, a merchant of Lima, O., has been arrested for obtaining goods to the amount of $2,500 under false pretenses. Alms & Doepke, of Cincinnati, caused the warrant to be issued.

Gen. Beauregard says the colored people in the South are decreasing in number. He thinks the neglect of the infirm and of the young is one cause. Crime, he says, has increased among them.

A wreckage party in Racine, Wis., have picked up 17 wagon-loads of chairs and bedsteads, which were broken to pieces by the cyclone. The first of the demolished structures to be rebuilt is a school-house.

Tuesday a prominent farmer named Merrill, while plowing in a field near Bluffton, Pike County, Ark., was assassinated and found dead in a furrow with a bullet in his body. No clue to the murderer.

Charles Atherton, of Zanesville, O., a bachelor, and quite dissipated, committed suicide with arsenic. He took a large dose, and while it was taking effect it was supposed he was in a drunken stupor.

Several boxes of Bibles sent to Bolivia by a missionary society have been confiscated by frontier customs officers because they lacked the pontifical warrant. The seizure is without authority of law.

The suit of Israel Weinstern, of New York, against the Pennsylvania Railroad for $30,000 for the loss of a leg at Altoona, resulted in favor of the Company, the plaintiff having traveled on a free pass.

Several officeholders in Dakota have been indicted for attempting to corruptly influence the action of the Capitol commission in the selection of a new location, as much as $15,000 having been offered for one vote.

Don S. Helwick, a well known builder and contractor of Cleveland, committed suicide by shooting. Two weeks ago he fell from a platform and received serious injuries, and it is supposed also affected his brain.

The trustees of Williams College have received a check for $50,000 from A. D. German, of Albany, to found a Professorship of Natural Theology, in memory of his deceased son who was a student at Williams.

Perkins, Campbell & Co., Cincinnati harness makers, have acceded to the demands of strikers for the exclusion of boys from the shops, and work has been resumed. Other shops where the strike exists for the same cause still hold out.

It is proposed to build an extension of the Chicago & Great Southern Railroad from Brazil, Indiana, to Chicago, making the road a competitor of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago line for the trade of the Indiana coal region.

At Urbana, O., Marion Weaver's clothing house was closed by the Sheriff, on judgments by Rochester and New York City firms. Amount of judgments, $15,000; value of stock of clothing, $2,500. Weaver has a large amount of other property.

At Norristown, Pa., the Lutheran Ministerium resolved to instruct all Conferences, Pastoral Associations and congregations in the ministry to make preparations for appropriately observing the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther.

The President of Mexico declares a forfeiture of the contract held by the United States and Mexican Construction & Guarantee Company, of Washington, for drainage of the City and Valley of Mexico, for failure to deposit $200,000 guarantee as agreed.

The Washington & Ohio Railroad will be reorganized at once under the name of the Washington, Ohio & Western Railroad Company, and connections will be made with the Shenandoah Valley Railroad and other lines, materially shortening the route to the Southwest.

The Florida parishes of Louisiana have filed a protest with the Secretary of the Interior against his decision giving the New Orleans Pacific Railroad Company 1,600,000 acres of land in those parishes embraced in what is known as the backbone land grant.

The 50th anniversary of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union was celebrated yesterday by an annual parade of children. There were 52,000 pupils in the line of march. They paraded through the prominent streets of the city and then returned to the various schools, where they were served with refreshments.

Matters are assuming serious shape in Ecuador. The Dictator, Veintemilla, robbed a private bank of $32,000. It is believed that he intends, after destroying the property of his enemies, to leave the country. Bloodshed and rioting are expected. There are foreigners who have large property interests which are in danger.

Ex-Sen. Tabor's partner, Bush, whom he accused of embezzlement, has brought a counter suit for $107,000. One item in his account is $19,000 for services in securing the election of Tabor to the United States Senate, and in procuring his divorce from his first wife, and in bringing about the marriage with Miss McCourt.

Representatives of the Bell and Ford estates, of which Judge Chester H. Krum, of St. Louis, is the administrator, claim that all the money belonging to them which Judge Krum had in his possession is perfectly safe, and that there will be no conflict of claims when Judge Krum's disappearance and his management of those estates.

Two women of bad character, who had boarded a train on the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific road, were admonished by the conductor regarding their behavior. As he turned to leave them, one of the women drew a revolver and shot him, the ball passing through a window of the coach. They then both jumped from the train and escaped.

Wm. D. Brooks, a harnessmaker of Meadville, Pa., committed suicide by cutting his throat with a knife. He wandered from home two days ago, and his body was found in a lonely wood near the railway line, west of the city. He was 31 years old, and made an attempt to poison himself with laudanum some weeks ago, but was unsuccessful. He leaves two children.

An extensive revision of the Mexican tariff is contemplated by the present Congress. Among other suggestions is the funding of a legitimate Mexican debt of $250,000,000 in bonds of 50 or 40 years, and make them a basis of a national banking system, whose notes shall be legal tender for all debts and taxes. It is thought this could be negotiated in the United States.

The Treasury Department at Washington has been advised that a party of pauper Mormons, from Switzerland, are en route for New York by steamship, Nevada. Instructions have been issued to the Collector of Customs at New York to co-operate with the Commissioners of Emigration to prevent the landing of these Mormons, provided they are paupers, within the meaning of the Immigration Act.

A Nihilist emissary from Russia has been arrested in Suth Bavaria.

The War Department has not received any information from Gen. Crook.

Troy, N. Y., cigar manufacturers grant the increase of wages, and work has been resumed.

The new Pan-handle shops in Columbus will involve an outlay of from $800,000 to $900,000.

Walter Evans will assume the office of Internal Revenue Commissioner on next Thursday.

Irishmen of Galveston have raised $700 for the families of the men recently executed in Dublin.

Harvey Cool fell on a circular saw at Phinney's mill, Carrollton, Mich., and was cut in two.

Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis, has resigned.

The monument placed over the tomb of Pres. Tyler, near Louisville, will be dedicated on the 30th.

The French Chamber of Deputies adopted the American Postal Services bill in a slightly modified form.

Emeler Hewes, extensive dealer in lumber, Wilmington, has failed. Liabilities estimated at $100,000; assets less than $25,000.

Amasa Stone's will was opened yesterday. His sons-in-law, Col. John Hay and Samuel Mather, are made executors. The will is not yet probated.

The Czar has sent a telegram to Emperor William notifying him of his safe entry into Moscow. The latter, in return, telegraphed congratulations.

James Longstreet, jr., son of the ex-Confederate General, has been appointed by the President to be a cadet-at-large at the Annapolis Academy.

New York club men insist that Freddie Gebhart must demand satisfaction of young Sandford. In no other way can his lacerated honor be redeemed.

Abraham C. Hickman, Postmaster at Tipersville, Pa., was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment and $100 fine for using washed stamps.

The proposition to surrender the charter of the city of Helena, Ark., in order to escape the payment of the municipal indebtedness, has been voted down.

The Pall Mall Gazette says the Japanese Government has purchased a man-of-war, now lying in Tyne, which was originally intended for the Chilian navy.

A fine of $400 was laid on the Cincinnati Southern Company for obstructing the Versailles pike at Lexington, Ky., by allowing trains to stand on the crossing.

Washington Throop, at one time bookkeeper for Zachariah Chandler, committed suicide in Detroit, by hanging. He had been hopelessly blind for seven years.

It has developed that Nathan G. Miller and others, of New York, with $5,000,000 in hand to operate with, and more at command, have made a wheat "deal" in Chicago.

Jay Gould is said to be desirous of acquiring the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railroad, which will furnish his railway system with a seaport outlet in the South.

Senor Goday, the Chilian Minister, has advices from his Government via the Mexican legation, Paris, announcing the ratification of the treaty of peace between Chili and Peru.

The report of mutiny in Gen. Crook's command is not credited at Gen. Sheridan's headquarters. Neither is it believed that the story of an engagement with the Indians is authentic.

Gen. Lew. Wallace, U. S. Minister at Constantinople, has lodged a protest with the Government against the imposition of an ad valorem duty of eight per cent. on imports into Turkey.

In a drunken brawl in Marion County, Ky., Joseph Miles was shot twice and instantly killed, and James Blair and a man named Greenwell dangerously cut. Blair did the shooting.

At Charleston, S. C., the steam bakery and candy manufactory of J. C. Claussen & Co. was totally destroyed by fire. Loss, $40,000; insurance, $25,000. A colored employe was burned to death.

Two Indians much the worse for firewater, lay down on a railroad track near Point St. Ignace, Michigan, with their two pet bears, to take a nap, and a passing train annihilated the entire outfit.

Sen. Sherman has returned to his home in Mansfield, where he will spend the Summer. To an interviewer he expressed himself as confident of a Republican victory in Ohio at the approaching election.

In the United States Court at St. Louis James J. Mason and William Denman were sentenced respectively to five and two years' imprisonment in the Chester, Ill., Penitentiary. Mason is an old offender.

The Secretary of the Treasury has decided that the $100,000 appropriated for the prevention of the spread of epidemic diseases shall be disbursed by the Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital service.

The General Presbyterian Assembly South has been dissolved. Fraternal relations having been established, an organic union of the Church North and South is thought to be possible, but not in the near future.

Hon. R. M. Corwine, a life of ex-Gov. R. M. Bishop, died in Cincinnati, Sunday, of pneumonia. She was a member of the Christian Church, and widely known for her Christian character and active benevolence.

Major Wasson, army defaulting paymaster, had a secret consultation with his legal adviser. It is thought the amount of the defalcation, $25,000, will be refunded before the trial, with the view of escaping the penitentiary.

A rag picker of Troy, New York, named John G. Barber, who is alleged to have had $5,000 secreted about his beggarly quarters, was found murdered, and, as no trace of the money could be found, it is supposed robbery was the motive.

The Dakota Territorial settlements in Dakota are ravaged by smallpox. Ten persons have died lately from the plague, and it is impossible to state how many cases there are. Every effort will be made to prevent the further spread of the plaue.

At Paterson, N. J., over 100 Ashley & Bailey silk weavers struck for an advance of 10 per cent. The strike is sanctioned by the Silk Weavers' Friendly and Protective Society of America. This is the first attempt to equalize weavers' wages.

James W. Sheahan, who has been closely identified with journalism in Chicago for 25 years, and has been a leading editorial writer of the Tribune since 1866, is lying at the point of death. His disease is nervous prostration, complicated with heart trouble.

In clearing away the wreck on the Indianapolis & St. Louis Railroad, near Hillsboro, Ills., where a bridge was blown down last Friday night, two bodies were discovered. One was mangled horribly; the other was found in the stream. It is supposed they were tramps, stealing a ride.

Henry Villard is planning to make the Northern Pacific a transcontinental road. He will connect the Western Railroad of Minnesota with the Wisconsin Central, which he already controls, and will build a new road from Milwaukee to Chicago. Thence he will go over the Lake Shore to Buffalo and New York.

Charles Kershaw, a Columbus insurance agent, persuaded his wife to visit her parents. As soon as she departed he packed up all household goods and furniture, got the best price he could from second-hand dealers, and left the city. His wife can give no reason for her desertion, as they never had any difficulty.

Information has been received to the effect that on Friday night last a tornado and heavy rain storm passed over Howell and Miller Counties, Missouri. The town of Moody was entirely destroyed and several persons were injured. The track of the tornado was about 100 yards wide. The whole country was flooded.

Emperor William has issued a decree ordering the 10th and 11th of November next to be observed as the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther. The Emperor says: "I pray God may listen to supplications, in which I and all Evangelists unite, that the celebration be productive of lasting benegt to our Evangelical church."

Near Pooleville, Tex., Beverly Brown was shot and killed Saturday evening by Botts Cockburn. The difficulty arose about slapping a boy, a brother-in-law of Brown's, by Cockburn, some weeks ago. Brown struck Cockburn with a stick, whereupon the latter drew a pistol and fired. Brown died in a few moments. Cockburn fled.

A dog show under the regulations of the National American Kennel Club, will be held in Chicago, June 12 to 15, inclusive, under the superintendence of the managers of the Centennial and the recent New York show. The entries thus far exceed any exhibit yet given in the West, and embraces a number of famous animals from Canada, Ireland and Great Britain.

Judge Evans, of Columbus, has enjoined the Western Union Telegraph Company from erecting poles in front of the property of Wm. Wall until his consent is obtained. It was shown that the poles would lessen the value of Wall's property from $1,500 to $2,000. The Court held that the permission of the City Council to erect the poles gave the Company the public right in the street, but did not grant the property right of the plaintiff. The case will go to the Supreme Court.

FAIRFIELD, Iowa—Dr. J. L. Myers says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron preparation I have ever known in my 30 years of practice."

THE AGONY OVER.

The Czar of All the Russias Peacefully Crowned at Last.

Russia Desires No Further Conquests, but Will Cultivate Friendly Relations With All Foreign Powers.

MOSCOW, May 27.—At 7 o'clock this morning was inaugurated the magnificent ceremonies attendant upon the coronation of the Emperor and Empress, announced by the ringing of 100 bells and by the thunder of artillery. Even at that early hour the streets were thronged with people. Visitors from abroad and from other parts of the Empire were crowding residents and all striving to secure eligible places from which to view the procession and such portions of the ceremony itself, and these not particularly favored, as they might be able to witness.

GREAT BODIES OF SOLDIERS,

shortly before six, were standing along the route of the procession, four miles in length, and occupied the streets on either side, keeping the people on the walks. Unoccupied space in the streets was speedily filled by the eager sight seers, while the windows, doorways and house tops were let out at fabulous prices to the visitors. Those dignitaries of the realm who were to take part in the actual ceremony of coronation, assembled according to the prearranged program, at the Cathedral of the Holy Assumption, within the walls of the Kremlin. There the functionaries entered the magnificent building at 7:30 A. M. At about 8 o'clock there followed in their order, the Princes of foreign Governments, the nobility of Russia and other States of Europe, and the special and regular ambassadors from foreign countries in Russia.

The utmost care was exercised to prevent the admission of any unauthorized or improper person, each one as he appeared at the entrance being required to exhibit a carefully prepared ticket, which was subjected to the closest scrutiny.

When the white walls of that wondrous place enclosed all of the crowd that could be admitted, a choir of boys chanted the Te Deum, and amidst profound silence outside the church, as well as in it, the clergy accompanied by acalytes bearing a cross and ewer of holy water, proceeded to receive the Czarowitch. This scion of royalty, who was in the midst of a brilliant cortege, took position at the right hand of the throne.

WHEN THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION

started it was made known to those inside the cathedral by renewed ringing of bells, by sonorous music from a score of bands, and by the shouts of those outside. As the royal pair appeared at the door of the palace, the immense multitude immediately uncovered their heads and burst into loud acclamations. Even women were bonnetbare, and the enthusiasm was as unaffected as it was spontaneous and hearty.

At the head of the royal procession, which now entered the Kremlin, was the master of ceremonies, flanked by heralds richly clad and mounted upon pure white horses. It was of immense length, and comprised deputies from the Asiatic States and the Empire, students of university, clergy, judges, nobility, and prefects from every section of the Empire.

When its front rank reached the doors of the Palace, it was met by the Emperor wearing the white uniform of Colonel of the Imperial Guards, and by the Empress, dressed in the Russian national costume of black velvet, richly embroidered with diamonds, and girdled with a magnificent belt of precious stones. The Empress leaned on the arm of her royal consort, and the pair placed themselves beneath a canopy richly wrought in silk and gold, and borne by 32 generals of high military rank.

They then took their places near the head of the procession, being directly after the regalia. At this moment, the

ENTIRE BODY OF THE CLERGY

emerged from the Cathedral in order to meet the regalia, which they publicly sprinkled with holy water and perfumed with incense.

Upon entering the portals of the cathedral, the Emperor and Empress were received by the Metropolitan of Moscow, the Metropolitan of Novgorod, and the Kieff presented them a cross to be kissed and sprinkled with holy water—first the Emperor and then the Empress—before the sacred images which flanked the doors of the Cathedral, they knelt and bowed their heads, after which they were conducted to the ancient thrones of ivory and silver. Alexander occupied the historical throne of the Czar Vladimer Monamagna, while the Empress was seated in an arm chair, gilded and encrusted with jewels.

THE THRONES

were placed upon a dais erected between the two columns of the Cathedral. Over the dais was a canopy of scarlet velvet, suspended from a rich roof embroidered with gold and lined with silver brocade, which was worked with the arms of Russia and all her dependencies in the most ingenious manner. In front of the thrones were two tables covered with gold cloth, upon which were placed the crowns, orb and scepters. None but foreign Princes were accommodated with seats. Russian Princes and dignitaries stood during the entire ceremony, according to the custom of the Greeks.

THE DIGNITARIES OF THE REALM

who were carrying the standard and seals of the empire, took their stand upon the steps of the dais. After their Majesties had been seated, the Metropolitan of Novgorod asked the Emperor, in a loud voice, "Are you a true believer?" The Emperor, falling on his knees, read in reply, in a clear voice, the Lord's prayer and the apostle's creed of the Greek Church, the Metropolitan responding: "May the grace of the Holy Ghost remain with thee," descending from the dais.

The following customary summons was three times repeated by the Bishop: "If there be any of you here present knowing any impediment for which Alexander, son of Alexander, should not be crowned, by the grace of God, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russians, of Moscow, of Kieff, of Vladimir, of Novgorod, Czar of Kazan, of Astra Khan, of Baland, of Siberia, of Kherson, Taurida, of Grousi Geasendar, of Pskoff; Grand Duke of Smalensk, of Lithuania, of Valhezuia, of Podolia, and of Finland; Prince of Esthoonia, of Lironia, of Courland, of Semigalia, of the Samogyedes, of Bretostok, of Corelia, of Foer, Ingor, of Perm, of Vintka, of Gulgaria, and of the other countries; Master and Grand Duke of the lower countries in Novgorod, of Techgoff, of Riazan, of Hoesatna, of Rostaff, of Jarostaff, of Bieloserek, of Indarke, of Kontizk, of Virolsk, of Mistriaff, and of all countries of the North; Master absolute of Twersk, of Kastatnisk, of Kabardinsk, and of the territory of Amenia; Sovereign of Mountain Princes of Ticherkask; Master of Turkestan; Heir Presumpteric of Norway and Duke of Sleswick; Holstein of Stormain, of Dithmarse, and of Oldenburg, let him come forward now, in the name of the Holy Trinity, and show what the impediment is, or let him remain dumb forever."

After reading selections from the Gospel, the Metropolitans of Novrgorod and Kieff again ascended the dais and invested the Emperor with the imperial mantle of ermine, the Metropolitan of Moscow saying, at the same time, "Cover and protect thy people, as this robe protects and covers thee." The Emperor responded, "I will, I will, I will, God helping."

RECEIVING THE CROWN.

The Metropolitan of Novrgorod, crossing his hands upon the head of the Emperor, then invoked the benediction of Almighty God upon him and his reign, and then delivered to Alexander III. the crown of Russia, who placed it upon his own head, and assuming the scepter and orb, took his seat upon the throne. He then returned the ensign of his title to the dignitaries, who pointed to receive them, and called the Empress, who knelt before him. He touched her head lightly with the crown of the Emperor and then formally crowned her.

The expression and attitude of the Empress as she knelt, was one of sympathy with her royal husband, and touched deeply the audience. The Czar preserved throughout a grave and decorous dignity and nobleness of demeanor which also provoked the admiration of all.

After the Empress had been invested with the imperial mantle, and their majesties were seated on their thrones, the Archdeacon intoned the imperial titles, and sang "Demine Salrum fac Imperatorom," which was taken up and thrice repeated by the choir. Directly after this part of the ceremony was finished, the bells and all the churches of Moscow rang out in chorus, a salute of 101 guns was fired, and inside the Cathedral, members of the imperial family tendered their congratulations to their majesties.

The Emperor then knelt and recited a prayer, at the end of which the clergy and all knelt behind the Emperor. The Bishop of Moscow read aloud, in behalf of the nation, a fervent prayer for the happiness of their majesties. Shouts of "Long live the Emperor" then rent the Cathedral and were taken up by thousands outside and carried from mouth to mouth until that part of the multitude who were unable to get inside of even the ample acreage of the Kremlin, caught the sound and waved it in huge volumes of hurrah gratulations to the remotest parts of the City, when it was speedily made known to all the world that another Czar of the Russians had been crowned.

The Cathedral choir then sang the Te Deum, after which the Emperor ungirthed his sword and, accompanied by the Empress and numerous dignitaries, proceeded to the gate of the sanctuary. There the Metropolitan of Novgorod

ANOINTED THE EMPEROR'S FOREHEAD,

eyelids, nostrils, lips, ears, breast and hands, at the same time exclaiming, "Behold the seal of the Holy Ghost; may it keep thee ever holy." The Empress was anointed only on the forehead. Both partook of the sacrament and then left the Cathedral wearing their crowns and mantles, the Emperor also bearing the sceptre and orb.

After praying in the Cathedral of Michael the Archangel, their Majesties returned to the palace, escorted by a procession, which presented even a more splendid sight than that which escorted them to the Cathedral, being now augmented by the gorgeous state carriages of the Imperial family. Banners waved from all points in the Kremlin, while the route of the procession fairly flamed with bright draperies and hangings.

The Emperor re-entered the palace by the celebrated staircase whence the laws were anciently promulgated. There he turned and saluted the people, who immediately uncovered their heads, cheering enthusiastily and blessing the Czar.

THE IMPERIAL BANQUET

began at 3:30 P. M., in the hall called Granavitana Palata. This hall was specially restored for the occasion and was splendidly decorated with cloth of gold. The Emperor and Empress, wearing their crowns, sat at a separate table on thrones of unequal hight. Their Majesties were served by distinguished nobles, acting as cup bearers, carvers, etc.

The first toast was "His Majesty, the Emperor," which was followed by a salute of 61 guns. The next was "Her Majesty, the Empress, followed by 51 guns. Third was "The Imperial Household," followed by 31 guns; and the fourth was "The Clergy and all faithful subjects," followed by 21 guns. Foreign princes and diplomats present stood during the first course and afterward, in accordance with ancient custom, withdrew drew to a separate repast.

The weather was fine throughout the day and everything passed off successfully. Silver tokens in memory of the day were distributed in 20 Moscow churches to-night.

THE CZAR'S MANIFESTO

was issued this evening, and is a document of very considerable length. Crowds besieged the printing offices to obtain copies, the perusal of which caused great excitement.

The Czar has addressed the following report to DeGlers, Minister of Foreign Affairs: "The great power and glory acquired by Russia, thanks to Divine Providence, the extent of her Empire and her numerous population, leave no room for any idea of further conquests. My solicitude is exclusively devoted to the peaceable development of the country and its prosperity; to the preservation of friendly relations with foreign powers, on the basis of existing treaties, and the maintenance of the dignity of the Empire. Having found in you a constant, zealous and useful co-laborer for the promotion of these views in the direction of our international relations, I confer upon you my order of St. Alexandernewski, in diamonds, as testimony of my gratitude."

Before their majesties left the palace for the cathedral, the route was sprinkled with holy water. A heavy rain fell before they started, but just as they took their places under the canopy, the sun shone brilliantly.

In the cathedral it was noticed that when the Czar knelt alone to utter a prayer of intercession, his eyes filled with tears and he sobbed audibly as he read. In making a profession of faith, the Czar's voice was grandly resonant. The Metropolitan of Novgorod almost broke down in the delivery of his allocution.

Mounted Cossacks patrolled every street. The troops lining the routs of the procession remained barehanded the whole morning. Those unable to obtain admission to the Kremlin remained outside on their knees close to the walls during the best part of the day, praying for the Czar.

The cost of the coronation is estimated at £2,000,000, which will be covered by an issue of Treasury bills.

The Czar's crown dates from the period of the Emperor Paul, and is valued at 3,000,000 roubles.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 27.—The coronation of the Czar was celebrated by special services in all the churches to-day and by the parade of troops. The City is brilliantly illuminated to-night and the streets are thronged with people. Perfect order prevails.

WILL SHUT DOWN.

List of the Iron Mills that Will Close Thursday Night.

PITTSBURG, May 28.—From an official source the following complete list is obtained of all iron mills in Pittsburg and the vicinity which it is claimed will shut down on Thursday night in consequence of the strike that workmen will inaugurate on that date. The firms comprising this list have all refused to sign the Amalgamated Association scale of wages, it is alleged, and a lock out must be the result. The list is as follows: Pittsburg district, 291 firms, many of whom operate several mills under one name. Western Pennsylvania, outside of Pittsburg district, eight rolling mills; Wheeling district, seven rolling mills; Wheeling district, which extends to Ohio, 14 mills; Ohio district, below Wheeling and Louisville, three mills, one of which is now idle; Mahoning Valley, 13 mills; interior counties of Ohio, five mills; the Lake Counties, one mill; Indiana, two mills, Illinois, four mills, one of which is at Chicago, and three at Belleville; Wisconsion, one mill, at Milwaukee; Missouri, two mills; Michigan, two mills, and Nebraska, two. This does not embrace the steels mills, which may or may not sign the scale.

All of the foregoing mills are operated by men of the Amalgamated Association who will strike. There are only 23 union mills in the United States. Eighty thousand men in all are employed in all the rolling mills, of which number one in every five are union men, about one-third of the entire number working in Pittsburg.

The Virginia Election—Readjusters Satisfied With the Result.

WASHINGTON, May 27.—It is difficult to ascertain from reports thus far received here whether or not Mahone has been really victorious in Virginia. The National Republican, which is in close relations with the Mahone movement, has dispatches which indicate that Mahone has held his own in the eastern Counties, and has made large gains throughout the Southwest. He has not lost in the negro Counties, and has made gains in white Counties. This, it is claimed, indicates that the Readjusters are gaining ground. The claim of losses made by the Bourbons do not appear fully sustained, but from returns thus far it is pretty evident that the election does not show any material change in the political sentiment in Virginia over the election last Fall. The editor of the Richmond Whig telegraphs here: "The returns show that the Readjusters have gained largely in Counties having white majorities. In mineral districts and in Republican or negro Counties, results cannot be compared with any former elections, and the division on personal considerations influenced the vote. Readjusters are satisfied with the outcome."

The Wives and Daughters of Striking Miners Take Possession of Illinois Mines.

ST. LOUIS, May 28.—Information from the mining district in St. Clair County, Ill., is that work was to be resumed to-day at Rose Hill mine, near West Belleville, but when the men were about to commence at 5 o'clock, a band of 150 women, wives and daughters of the strikers, marching two abreast and armed with stout clubs, appeared on the scene and after some altercation they compelled the men to desist, and work was not started. The Sheriff's posse was driven back by the women, and the latter are now in possession of the mine. The military are now assembled in East St. Louis, and a detachment will probably be sent to Rose Hill to restore order and protect the men who desire to work.

Chicago Catholics Excited.

CHICAGO, May 29.—The movements, which has been organized to hold a mass meeting of Irish Catholics of this city to protest against the Pope's bull relative to the participation of Bishops and clergy in the Parnell testimonial fund, is causing some stir among Irish American citizens here. There exists, apparently, a difference of opinion as to the wisdom of such a course, the more conservative urging that action be delayed until the full text of the papal note is known. Others of the leaders want action on immediate action, and a meeting will be held Tuesday next to decide whether a mass meeting shall be called. Priests' interviews join in urging that no laymen or prelates should be engaged in any crusade against the head of the church.

Jay Gould's Yacht.

PHILADELPHIA, May 28.—Jay Gould's yacht Atalanta will make her trial trip about two weeks hence. The engines were run on Saturday night under a full pressure of steam, and they gave entire satisfaction. About 200 men are at work upon the vessel. The Alameda, for the Oceanic Steamship line, will make her trip about the middle of July. Mr. Cramp said that when the work now on hand in their yard is completed hundreds of their employes will be thrown out of employment. The number has already been reduced from 1,500 to 1,000 men.

DOUBLE-BREASTED CYCLONE

Sweeps Through Portions of Indiana--A Dozen Persons Killed.

A Child Blown Away, Houses Demolished, Bridges Wrecked and Forests Leveled.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 29.—Yesterday evening, about 6 o'clock, a cyclone struck the town of Edinburgh, Ind., following a heavy rainfall. The wind storm lasted for 10 minutes, with great violence, taking the spire from the Methodist church and throwing it upon the parsonage, crashing through the roof to the ground. South of the town a grove of timber belonging to George Cutsinger was demolished, and four miles south the farm of B. J. Deming caught the fury of the storm, the barn on the place being destroyed and Deming's son Frank killed. A farm hand was also fatally injured.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., May 29.—A double-breasted tornado swept by Clay City at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the extremities being a mile apart. Clay City, which was in the center, escaped with slight damage, but at Neal's Mill on one side, a house was swept out of existence, six persons killed, a bridge destroyed, and havoc played generally.

On the other side, in a little settlement, five persons were killed, houses blown to pieces and one child blown to heaven, for all that is known to the contrary, as it has not yet been found. In all 12 persons were injured besides the killed. Trees are blown over a wide area.

RIOTOUS MINERS.

The Militia Called Out—Several Miners Killed and 18 Captured—The Women Quieted by the Militia.

ST. LOUIS, May 28.—After completing their work at Rose Hill and leaving a guard there to see that their mandate was carried out, the women marched to Reineke Mine No. 1, three miles from Belleville, on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and, being reinforced by a large number of strikers, drove out the men working there.

A reporter just in from the Reineke Mine gives the following particulars of affairs there: Sheriff Rapiquet having satisfied Gov. Hamilton that the mob at Reineke Mine was beyond the control of any possible means that could be raised in the vicinity, the Executive telegraphed to Col. Barkley, who was in East St. Louis with the Edwardsville, Taylorville and Virden companies of militia, awaiting orders, to proceed at once to the scene of the trouble.

At 5:45 P. M. the train bearing the troops arrived at the mine. The women were on the bluff, where the Company's buildings are located. The men, about 150 in number, were on the south side of the railroad track. They all carried canes of varying thickness. Deputy Sheriffs Anthony and Raglan were on the ground, Anthony in charge.

As the train halted, Col. Barkley appeared on the platform of the car. Anthony jumped upon the platform and with outstretched arms shouted to the strikers, some of whom had started to run when they saw the soldiers, "Halt! I arrest you in the name of the law."

The answer was a pistol shot from the ranks of the strikers. It passed over the head of Capt. Fayestock, of the Edwardsville company, and struck the car, breaking a window. Col. Barkley answered, it is reported, with his revolver.

No command was given to fire, but as if the Colonel's shot was a signal, the breechloaders of the troops rang out again and again. The mob fled down the railroad embankment. One man was seen to stagger and fall and lay with his arms outstretched. He was shot through the head, but has not been identified.

The militia started in pursuit and found a man named Fry in the woods wounded in the leg. Eighteen strikers were captured and sent to Bellville under guard. They will be prosecuted under the statute against riotous conduct.

During the engagement but one militia man was injured, Henry Theurer, of the Edwardsville company, he receiving a very slight flesh wound in the shoulder from a pistol shot. Only two revolvers were found on the prisoners, one had two shells exploded, the other only one.

The greatest excitement prevails in Belleville, and after parading the streets to the tap of the drum to-night, a mass meeting of nearly 200 miners was held at the Court House, at which speakers denounced the action of the militia in firing on the miners.

At 7 o'clock Col. Barkley ordered the Virden and Taylorville troops back to East St. Louis, leaving the Edwardsville Company on guard. The women became very turbulent after the engagement and were removed by an escort of militia.

BELLVILLE, Ill., May 29.—Everything is quiet here this morning. The inquest on the dead strikers will begin at 11 o'clock. The Reineke mine, where last evening's unfortunate affair occurred, is working this morning under protection of the militia. This is a machine mine, does not employ regular miners, and was working yesterday under an agreement made with the miners seven days ago. If any further trouble occurs it will be at mines some distance from here, which, at this writing, have not been heard from. The Sheriff reports all quiet at the pits in this immediate vicinity. The streets are crowded with miners and citizens discussing the events of yesterday. The firing by the militia is not generally viewed in a favorable light.

ST. LOUIS, May 29.—The man killed at Reineke mine last evening has been identified as Fred Hoffmeister, a glass-blower from Pittsburg. He had been at Belleville two weeks. The glass-blowers of Belleville are on a strike, and some of them were with the striking miners yesterday, which accounts for Hoffmeister's presence at the Reineke mine.

Papers this morning publish lengthy accounts of the affair at Rose Hill. Reineke and Marrissa mines yesterday, but they contain no material facts not reported in these dispatches.

The Edwardsville militia remain at Reineke mine, but the Verder and Taylorville companies have returned home. There seems to be no doubt Deputy Sheriff Anthony ordered the troops to fire on the mob, but not until several pistol shots had been fired by the strikers. Two of them aimed directly at Anthony and Gen. Reese, who were standing by the side of the train consulting as to what should be done.

Greatly exaggerated stories of the affair were circulated in Belleville last night, and no doubt many of them sent over the country, giving a wrong impression of the magnitude and seriousness of the trouble.

COLLINSVILLE, Ill., May 29. — Abbey Mines 3 and 4 are working with full complement of men, and no trouble is anticipated. The men at work, many of whom have been in the employ of the company many years, are satisfied and willing to work. They are paid by the day at wages fixed when the miners were receiving at other times three cents per bushel. While wages of coal miners have been reduced from 33 to 50 per cent., the wages of the men employed at mines 3 and 4 have not been reduced any. The attempt to stop these mines was merely to stop the supply of coal for St. Louis, and not on any demand for increase of pay.

A special Grand Jury has been convened at Edwardsville by Judge Snyder, for the purpose of indicting those who composed the mob which took possession of mine No. 4 and maltreated men employed there. There are no indications of mob law in this vicinity to-day, and from expressions of citizens of this locality, heard on all sides, it would not be well for a mob of any kind to assemble with the idea of violating the law again by attempting to interfere with the rights of others. Thirty-two strikers have been arrested.

White Sulphur Springs.

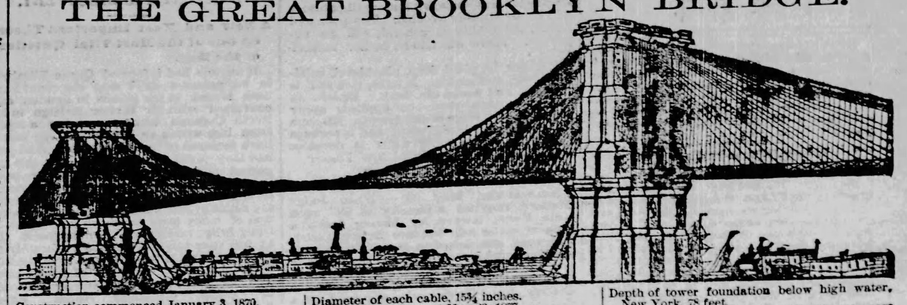
WASHINGTON, May 28.—Chief Justice Waite has rendered a decision in the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs case, sustaining the action of Judge Bond, of the United States Circuit Court, in appointing a receiver for the entire property with the exception of two acres of ground located immediately between the hotel proper and the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad depot. The estimated value of these two acres is $100,000. It is stated that Judge Jackson, of the United States District of West Virginia, who claimed jurisdiction over the whole property, will appoint a receiver for the excepted two acres if unsecured creditors still press their claims in his Court. A meeting of all parties interested will be held in a day or two, when probably some compromise will be agreed upon.

Sen. Logan and the Sunl Lands.

CHICAGO, May 29.—Sen. Logan, in a two-column letter published in the Tribune this morning, reiterates in detail his denial that he located any lands on the Zuni Indian reservation, and asserts that the lands located by his son-in-law, Maj. Nicker, likewise are not within the reservation of those Indians. The Senator asserts that certain published accounts to the effect that he had infringed the rights of these Indians were given currency by persons politically unfriendly to him.

A dispatch from Independence, Mo., says: "A gentleman named Sawyer has arrived here from Washington City and taken possession of all the property of H. M. Valle, of Star Route notoriety."

THE GREAT BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



Construction commenced January 3, 1870.
Bridge completed 1883.
Length of river span, 1,595 feet 6 inches.
Length of each land span, 930 feet—1,860 feet.
Length of Brooklyn approach, 971 feet.
Length of New York approach, 1,562 ft 6 inches.
Total length of bridge, 5,989 feet.
Width of bridge, 85 feet.
Number of cables, 4.

Diameter of each cable, 15¾ inches.
First wire was run out May 29, 1877.
Length of wire in 4 cables, exclusive of wrapping wire, 14,361 miles.
Length of each single wire in cables, 3,579 feet.
Weight of four cables, inclusive of wrapping wire, 3,5683/4 tons.
Depth of tower foundation below high water, Brooklyn, 45 feet

Depth of tower foundation below high water, New York, 78 feet.
Total height of towers above high water, 279 feet.
Clear height of bridge in center of river span above high water